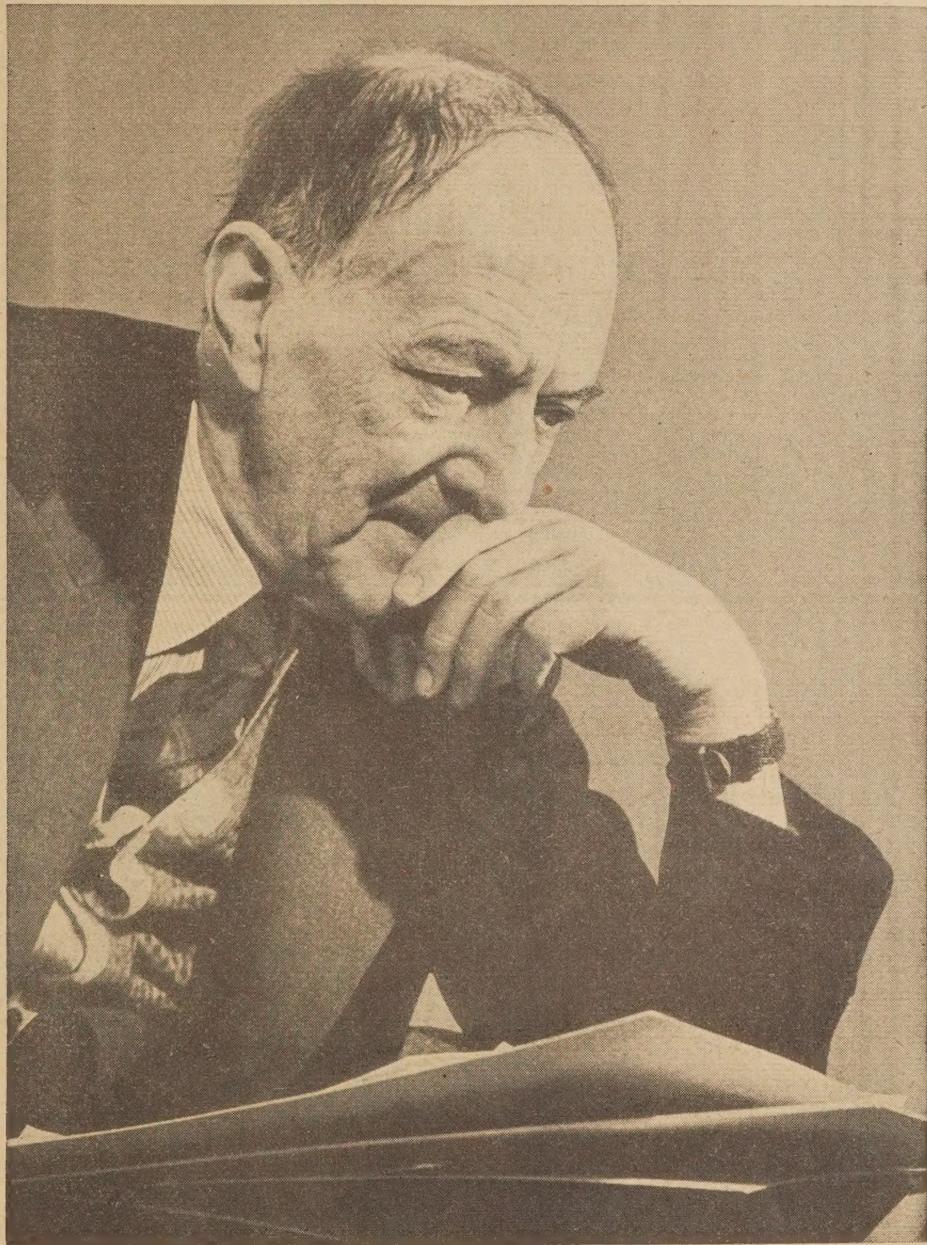


The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Walter de la Mare, who was eighty last week (see V. Sackville-West's tribute on page 711)

In this number:

- Problems of Middle East Defence (Bickham Sweet-Escott)
- Building a New Capital City (Max Lock)
- The Post-war Novel in Russia (Helen Rapp)

BERLIN - 2,500 REFUGEES DAILY...

THOUSANDS LACK WARM CLOTHES

CHILDREN & ELDERLY IN DESPERATE NEED

MIDDLE EAST - 900,000 REFUGEES

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An Arab refugee baby. If funds from international sources cease many babies such as this would be left to die.

**GIVE 10/-
TO SEND FOOD OR CLOTHING TO
ONE UPROOTED FAMILY**

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"Tonight I am asking you for help in a cause which I know will appeal to you because it does something almost at once for people in desperate need. There are in the world today more than 25 millions of men, women and children who have no homes and no means of subsistence, victims of war... or persecution. It is our aim to help these people... I have recently seen some who received these gifts [clothing, food and medical supplies]. They were not only deeply grateful for this unexpected help from unknown friends, but they assured me that in many cases it made all the difference between life and death, especially for their children. By giving 10/- you will cover the cost of sending clothing for one extra family, £10 will send 700 garments, even 2/- will send enough for one extra child. Please send what you can to: Sir Maurice Bowra, 17, Broad Street, Oxford."



Photo: David Peters

From Berlin, the Middle East and Korea, and from the 9 million refugees still eking out an existence in European camps, come moving records of suffering and grievous need. A report from a relief worker says of one visit: "... five children and a widowed mother living in a field in a sheep pen; two children almost without clothing sleeping on two raised planks, the only covering a piece of ragged blanket."

United Nations Relief Works Agency Photo

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The Listener

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CROSSWORD NO. 1,200

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Problems of Middle East Defence

By BICKHAM SWEET-EScott

WITH Russia we are on a footing of cold civility. She is not ready to go to war for Turkey, and perhaps thinks it better to take the place by sap than by storm'. These words were not written by an official of the State Department a month or two ago. They were written by Lord Palmerston in 1834. I am quoting them because I believe that, as far as the Middle East is concerned, objectives and methods have not changed very much since: and what I would like to do here is to discuss the relative merits of sapping as against those of storming.

First, it is hardly necessary to say how important it is for us to prevent the Middle East from falling, either by sap or by storm, and that is certainly what our negotiators will have in their minds during the present Anglo-Egyptian talks in Cairo. When Palmerston wrote the words I have quoted, the Ottoman Empire stretched from Basra to the Danube, and what he was worried about was that it might collapse, and that the friendly Turks might be replaced by hostile Russians, interposing themselves between Europe and British possessions in the East. After all, it was firmly believed in Palmerston's day that Peter the Great had formally instructed his successors in his will to obtain a port on the Persian Gulf. But a frontier with Russia in the Persian Gulf or the Red Sea is only one of the dangers which we would be up against if today the Middle East were to disappear behind the Iron Curtain. For if the enormous territories which lie between Istanbul and the Khyber Pass, between Teheran and Aden and Cairo, were to become satellites of the Soviet Union, the magnet of communism would be pulling immediately at India and Pakistan, to say nothing of points further east. What is more, it would be impossible to prevent Russian penetration of Africa from the north, and it is obvious how

easy it would be for them to stir up trouble there. And with the Middle East behind the Curtain, Russia would be able to deny to the west nearly half its present oil reserves.

The strictly military precautions that exist to prevent all this can be summed up in a few words—Nato and the occupation of the Canal Zone. I was only a war-time soldier, not a professional one, but there are one or two things that are clear even to the most unprofessional eye. Take Nato, for a start. At its eastern end Nato now includes Greece and Turkey, with Yugoslavia as a sort of fellow-traveller on our side, but it does not go any further to the east or south. So, as General Lyne pointed out a few weeks ago, the Nato plans, whatever they are, leave a most uncomfortable gap in the vitally important Caucasus area east of Turkey, and to the south in Iraq.

As for the Canal Zone, a good many misapprehensions exist in this country and elsewhere about its real importance to us. For instance, the reason why we keep troops there is not, as the Egyptians believe, simply to put pressure on Egypt. Nor is it, as many people here seem to think, to protect the Canal itself. In the last war the Canal was of little importance to our strategy until we reopened the Mediterranean in 1943. Nor is the Canal vital to us in war to enable us to communicate with India and the East, because there are ways of getting to the East—even of getting there quite quickly—without going through the Canal. What really is important to us about the Canal Zone is its geographical situation and its vast installations. The installations are what we needed to equip several armies in the last war—the innumerable dumps and repair shops and maintenance units and assembly plants which line the thirty-five miles of road from Tel-el-Kebir to Ismailia, to say nothing of the docks and cranes and hospitals and

hutted camps and training establishments along the Canal itself. All these things are not only extremely valuable—the replacement cost is somewhere in the region of £500,000,000—but, what is far more important, they would take years to dismantle and reassemble elsewhere, even if a suitable site existed elsewhere in the Middle East, which it does not. And of course, a good deal of technical skill is needed to keep them in proper working order. It is interesting to see that this has at last been openly admitted in Egypt by General Neguib's Chief of Staff, Colonel Nasser, who said the other day that foreign technicians would be needed for this job even after British troops left Egypt.

The importance of the Canal Zone's geographical situation is simply this. Draw a line on the map from Vienna to the western edge of the Hindu Kush, and join both ends of it to Suez. The two lines to Suez will be very nearly the same length. Any attack from the north upon the Middle East would have to cross the line between Vienna and Afghanistan. Suez is therefore the obvious point at which you should base yourself to withstand any such threat, and it is precisely at Suez that the ideal conditions for concentrating a large modern army exist.

Let us for the moment ignore the interests of the West, and assume that the countries of the Middle East really wish to take the military measures needed to protect themselves against such an attack. If so, they would have to do at least two things: they would have to maintain a base in the Canal Zone, and they would have to get together and create a properly co-ordinated defensive organisation of their own. Any such organisation would, I think, be bound to need support from the West. The result, in a sensible world, would be a Middle East Defence Organisation, the plans of which were carefully dovetailed into those of Nato. Only then would the Middle East be safe against attack by storm.

But is that enough? As Palmerston pointed out nearly 120 years ago, if the Russians find a position too strong to storm they are quite prepared to sap instead—to foster internal dissension, to accelerate social and economic decay where decay has already set in, and to subvert where it looks as if subversion may pay bigger dividends than head-on assault. For action on these lines there are all sorts of opportunities in the Middle East. Take the quarrel between the Arabs and the Israelis for a start. Here you have a fundamental division in the very heart of the Middle East, and until it is bridged there is plenty of scope for causing dissension by playing off one against the other.

Nor is dissension confined to the Middle East itself. Each member of Nato has a different aim in view. We in this country are passionately anxious to re-establish our pre-war position of unquestioned supremacy in the area, and are jealous of those who appear to understand it better than we think we do. The French believe they have what they call a historic mission in the Levant, and they have never forgotten it. They are convinced we pushed them out of Syria and the Lebanon during the war, and they have never forgiven us. They are greatly concerned to prevent nationalism in the Middle East from spreading to their possessions in North Africa. The Germans and the Italians are determined to increase their exports to the Middle East at our expense, and are having some success at it. And the Americans seem to be far from clear on what they want to do there. That is not only because the new Administration has not yet had time to make up its mind. One of the first things Mr. Churchill did when he took office in 1951 was to go over to the States and try to interest the Americans in the Middle

East. But the one really big flop of his visit was when he suggested in his speech to Congress that perhaps American troops might soon be serving beside ours in the Canal Zone. Judged by the American attitude over the Persian oil crisis in 1951, and over the present Anglo-Egyptian talks too, we seem to be almost as far from getting a common Anglo-American policy on the Middle East as we have ever been. American dislike of our so-called colonial methods, and their rivalry with us over oil, are no doubt at the bottom of this, but whatever the causes, the fact is that the West is not at one over the Middle East, and until it is, sapping may be a profitable occupation.

One of the main reasons why communism has been so readily accepted in China and eastern Europe is that the vast majority of the people were in such a state of misery that they felt any change must be for the better. In the Middle East, social and economic conditions are quite as bad. Seven years ago an official Anglo-American report said

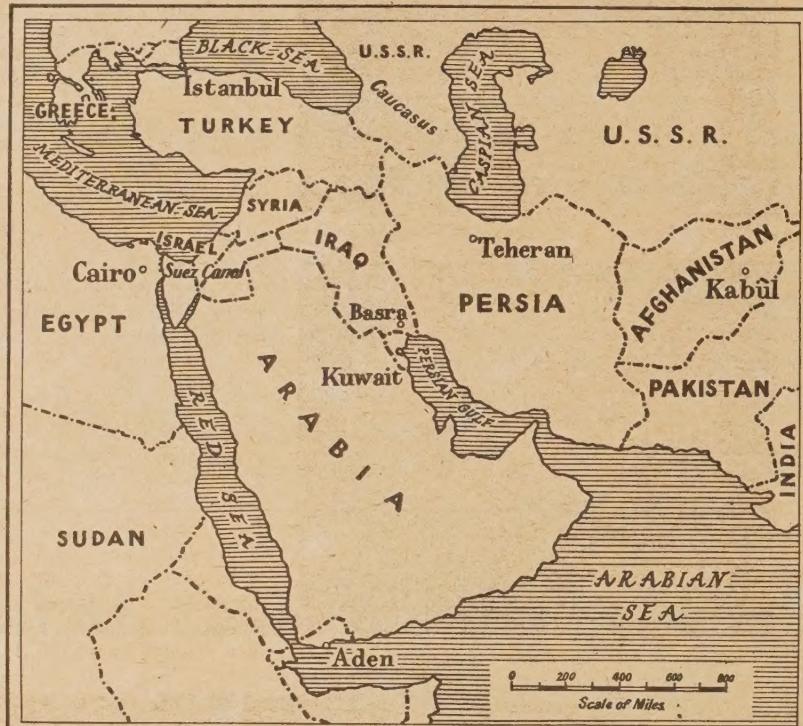
it was among the worst-nourished parts of the world. Poverty, ignorance, and disease are on every side; and what is particularly dangerous is the ever-present contrast between the wealth of the few and the want of the many, especially in Persia and Egypt. Where this is so, communism can make very rapid headway when the word is given. That, in my opinion, is the real risk. Of course many people are aware of it, and here and there efforts are being made to improve the standard of living. General Neguib's land reform is a step in the right direction in Egypt. In Iraq, work is proceeding on an ambitious programme of development—of irrigation and land reclamation, for instance. In some of the Sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf, notably Kuwait, oil revenues have made similar schemes a practical possibility. And the Americans are doing what they can under the Point Four pro-

gramme, particularly in Egypt. But there is little co-ordination of all this effort. In any case, it is going to be a long time before it leads to results, and time may be short.

Personally, I am convinced that if in 1948 we in Europe needed a Marshall Plan and a scheme for European Economic Co-operation to ensure political stability, the need of the Middle East for something similar in 1953 is quite as great, if it is not very much greater. I hope Mr. Dulles had something on these lines in his mind when he said recently that more American help was needed in the Near and Middle East. Anything of this sort is going to cost a great deal of money, but something more is going to be needed, too. The imagination of the fellah and of the man in the bazaar has got to be fired by our efforts, and the people have somehow got to be made to believe that we in the West can and will do something to improve their lot. Otherwise their hopes and their sympathies will inevitably turn elsewhere, and sapping will then be hardly necessary at all.

It is going to be difficult enough for the West to reach a purely military arrangement for the defence of the Middle East. But even if the difficulties are overcome, I do not think we shall necessarily have made the Middle East safe from sap and storm. If that is what we want, I am sure three things are essential. We in the West must try to arrive at a common policy for the area as a whole. Secondly, the problem of Israel has got to be tackled. And, above all, the peoples of the Middle East have got to be convinced that economically and socially the West can really do something for them, and that they have something to hope for from us. Otherwise we may succeed in making the Middle East storm-proof only to find it taken by sap.

—Home Service



Belgium's Economic Difficulties

By LOUIS QUIÉVREUX

In order to give you a mirror of Belgium today, I shall have to deal with politics, economics, and international repercussions. You must forgive me: I hope that in some years, when the B.B.C. again asks me to give a Belgian commentary, understanding between nations will allow me to speak about Flemish painting, carillon music, Brussels lace, and Flanders poppies still reddening the fields of our Flemish farmers. Who knows? Tomorrow may be another day.

In the meantime, we are burdened by taxation, and that is nothing new to you. The cost of living is increasing slowly but steadily. British tourists visiting Belgium may notice that, with their meagre supply of pound notes melting down like snow in the sun. Unemployment is on the increase. We had 163,000 jobless in 1951, and 197,000 in 1952. We have now 200,000.

Export figures are not encouraging. Last year marked a setback. We sold for 122½ billion francs last year, that is eleven billion less than in 1951. Stricter protectionism in the world is to blame. Industrial activity is stalling. Chemical industry greatly suffered in 1951, its exports having fallen by one-third, with the consequence that important works had to stop their machines. Other stricken activities are textiles, leather, shoes, paper, breweries, and diamonds, the last one being one of the wealths of Antwerp.

Many blame Benelux for being one of the principal causes of the Belgian industrial set-back. As you know, Benelux—the first syllables of Belgium, Netherlands, and Luxembourg—is the result of one of the most daring of human attempts to suppress commercial frontiers and bring back the happy and careless days of free trade. The treaty signed between the three small countries exonerates a number of products from exports duties, but a number of Belgian industrialists have come to the bitter conclusion that it is Holland who is deriving all the benefits of the agreement, thanks to her lower cost of living and her lower wages. Thus Dutch products coming freely into Belgium are being sold cheaper than home-made ones. A violent anti-Benelux propaganda is being waged in Belgium, where you can see many private cars with streamers attacking the union which allows Holland to take, as we say, the chestnuts out of the fire at the expense of Belgium.

The paper-mills at Savenhem, near Brussels, have just closed their doors, putting 450 workers on the dole. They were unable to withstand the assaults of the Dutch paper and newsprint imports. One point will illustrate the strong position of our neighbours: wages in the Netherlands are forty per cent. less than in Belgium. Who could successfully fight against such a weapon?

Then there is the national budget. Expenditure is steadily increasing, not only for rearmament but for home affairs. We drag, like convicts, an iron chain weighing ten billion francs for pensions of all kinds alone. The 1939 budget amounted to twelve billions. The 1953 budget will soar to eighty billions. So many loans have already been launched at home and abroad that the market has almost dried up. Increasing taxation would endanger national economy: that is why the Government is now contemplating a policy of drastic economy, a policy of the

axe which would certainly ease the position, if carried out pitilessly and intelligently. As the senator M. de la Vallée Poussin stated, the economic position of Belgium is weak, yet one cannot term it as a crisis.

Politically, something has been brewing since October last when municipal elections delivered a blow to the all-round Catholic Government presided over by M. van Houtte. The Belgians polled in favour of the Socialists and the Liberals, with the result that the Government is now composed of men of a party representing only forty-seven per cent. of public opinion. Socialist and liberal efforts to oust it failed. We shall not be shaken by a war of nerves, the Prime Minister, M. van Houtte, declared. Parliament has been elected for four years and will stand. We have grave decisions to take in the international field. We have the power. We keep it.

Yet Socialists are throwing heavy stumbling-blocks across the Government's way. One of the last is a threat of general strike because of a decree reducing advantages in the national-health scheme. According to that decree, reimbursement for medicines would be cut down. The Socialists have vetoed it, and wielded the sword of strike. The Government, while unwilling to submit, has postponed its plans.

And now we come to international politics. The Russian and American peace offensives have brought to Belgium an immense hope for the future of the world. No nation in the world is more exposed to a war than Belgium, that historical 'cockpit of Europe'. Yet the Belgians agree that one should not be put off one's guard. As a popular saying goes, 'watchfulness is the mother of the china-cup'. Parliament, which has been on holiday, will shortly discuss the ratification of the pact on the European Defence Community. Some politicians and jurists are of the opinion that Belgium cannot ratify the treaty without infringing the country's constitution.

But before going further, let me explain something to you about the varied meanings of the word 'constitution'. In Belgium—as in the United States, for instance—the constitution is a national charter, a foundation stone, a basis on which the whole legal system rests. The Belgian constitution was drafted after 1830, when Belgium became an independent country. In England, the word 'constitution' depicts the body of written laws and unwritten customs, which is a great difference. To make myself clearer I will add that 'unconstitutional' means, both in the United States and in Belgium, what is against the fundamental charter, whereas in Great Britain, when



M. Jean van Houtte, Prime Minister of Belgium



M. Paul van Zeeland, Belgian Foreign Minister

you say 'that is unconstitutional', you mean 'that is against the law'. It is easy to repeal a law. It is not easy to abrogate an article of the constitution. The Belgian constitution is sacred. Not a word of it may be changed unless parliament has been 'sent home' and a new election has taken place to appoint a new assembly. With its feet on the tight-rope, the Government has no desire for a dissolution which might overthrow the Catholic Party. That is why M. Paul van Zeeland, the Foreign Minister, contends that the European Community Defence Pact is not in opposition to Article Twenty-five of the constitution providing that all powers do come from the nation, and consequently decrees that Belgium is the full master of her own sovereignty. How far parliament will fall in with this view we shall know later. In the meantime we are getting on the nerves of the Americans, who want the pact ratified at lightning speed. Rumours have been circulating about Washington unduly pressing M. van Zeeland for parliamentary ratification, but I doubt whether our Cabinet would accept such an intrusion in Belgian national affairs.

On the other hand M. van Zeeland, who has had long talks with President Eisenhower and Mr. Foster Dulles in Washington, has returned to Belgium full of optimistic views. He thinks the present moment is most favourable to open negotiations for freer exchanges between the dollar zone and Europe. He takes it as a good omen that

Great Britain has decided to raise from forty-four to fifty-eight per cent. the margin of her free imports. He had a striking way of branding the hesitations of some when he said: 'Let us not remain with our arms folded lest a catastrophe should fall upon us!'

With the international prospects brightening, the Belgian man in the street now hopes that the menace of a catastrophe—used by M. Van Zeeland as an oratorical means of pressure—will remain, for ever, the harmless bogey-man who helps little Belgian schoolboys to keep as far as possible in the right way. When it last met, parliament, instead of taking a decision about the European Pact, examined two bills tabled by M. Philippart, who is a very humane deputy indeed. The first suggested that boxing bouts should be prohibited in Belgium, and only demonstrations allowed. It was favourably received by a committee, and parliament will discuss it after it has dealt with Belgium's contribution to avoid the biggest bout in the world. M. Philippart's second bill has the support of all kind-hearted people. It suggested the prohibition of the mass capture of birds by means of nets. It is reckoned that an average of 24,000,000 birds are destroyed yearly in our country. Alas, the Agriculture Committee of the House of Deputies rejected the bill on the ground that capturing birds has been for centuries an entertainment for poor people . . . But we will fight on, ceaselessly, knowing that we will vanquish in the end.—*Home Service*

The 'Leftist' Group in France

By PIERRE EMMANUEL

THERE is in French no such word as the word 'leftist'. Yet it would be a useful neologism in this age of political confusion. What other name can we give to that little crowd of individuals who represent nothing but themselves and yet play an important part in the movement of advanced ideas? The word 'leftist' seems elastic enough to include them all, in spite of their variety and dissimilarities.

Let us take them in fan order, to see where they really belong. First, they are all somewhere left of the Socialist Party. Secondly, their whole political attitude is dominated by their reactions to the Communist Party. This is all they have in common. You would find among them the renegade who turned away from the Communist Party, the disappointed fellow-traveller who decided to travel alone, the partisans of a dialogue with the Communists, ranging from those who think one might talk with them to those who think one must do something with them, and finally the existentialist leader Jean-Paul Sartre, who deserves a special mention by himself. I have said enough to show that they do not form a single political body, nor even permanent groups. Some of them collaborate with periodicals which offer the opportunity of pooling their ideas without losing their individuality: such periodicals as *L'Observateur* and *Esprit*, largely animated by the vital spirit of their founders, Claude Bourdet and the late Emmanuel Mounier. But most leftist intellectuals in France have a truly anarchist temperament, and keep aloof from any definite doctrine or chapel.

Yet their thought is far from being free, for they are fascinated by the French Communist Party and behind it the world significance of Russia as the main revolutionary power. Why is this so? Because for thirty years Communist ideology has permeated the whole thought of most intellectuals interested in social problems. Since the beginning of the Hitler regime in Germany, in which great European countries could Communism be freely preached and discussed? In England and France only. But only in France did it find the intellectual and social ground it needed for quick and widespread diffusion. Owing to the abstract and systematical type of thought which is the strength and the weakness of the French mind, Communist doctrine has attracted whoever in the intelligentsia was interested in social revolution. The association of the revolution and the Soviet Union has been hammered for thirty years by Communist propaganda, not without good reason in fact: even when intellectually denounced as obsolete, its force remains latent in the back of the mind. So French leftist intellectuals have become unable to think of social change outside the Soviet's shadow.

Take the case of the renegades. Some have joined the so-called imperialist camp. For the Communists they are traitors, but not arch-

traitors. They followed a logical direction, and became plain class-enemies. But the others, whose feelings are still revolutionary, and who look back nostalgically to their youthful *Sturm und Drang*? They claim that they have the only true Communism, since Communists are traitors to their faith. In return, the latter regard them as contemptible hypocrites and calumniators, who use in vain the sacred words to drive the proletarian flock astray. An equal hatred burns on each side: the renegades see everything in the light of that hatred. Their former god has become the devil. Whenever their policy coincides with the Communist one, they insist on the Communist tactics of monopolising what is good to turn it into a Communist initiative, in other words into evil. They would be the last to believe in Communist sincerity, which they find nearly unthinkable.

The renegades' hatred is active: the hatred of the deceived fellow-travellers is passive and resigned to its own uselessness. Most of these were working with the Communists during the Spanish war, or more recently in the resistance movements. From 1941 to 1944, a real comradeship existed on the local level between the Communists and the non-Communists: a National Front was formed to restore to life the late Popular Front. Professional committees grouped the different types of intellectuals: in theory, no tendency was excluded, and many enthusiasts started to dream of a new French revolution. But soon after the war the Communists had not only taken the lead, but very cleverly turned those organisations into so many tools of their party, though they kept non-Communists in the shop-window according to their regular practice. Among the young generation of Resistance leaders, some had found it more logical to become party members. They tried for a while to retain their critical sense: where it is now, seems a question one cannot ask them. The others were promptly disgusted not only with Communist tactics, but with politics in general, which they had too much idealised: they simply melted down into the anonymous crowd. Which explains, in passing, why there are so few former Resistance leaders in the French political world. The intellectuals are a class apart. Rarely do they vanish into silence. Their vocation—so they believe—is to manifest themselves, and accordingly they sign manifestos. The moment when they stop signing for and start signing against is a matter of conscience. It generally takes a few spectacular trials to make them lose their illusions.

But they do not obtain release from their broken ideal so easily. For many fellow-travellers were faithful both to the mythical notion of the proletariat and to the subsequent worship of Soviet Union. They are still split between the two. They see nothing but the Communist Party and the Soviets capable of representing the working class effec-

tively, and yet they know that the whole thing is a giant swindle. They know it intellectually and yet in their hearts they can never be convinced of it. After a moment of active revolt against their former partners, most of the time they end in passive resentment. Uncompromising and aloof, they look like the half-pay veterans of some forlorn hope.

Now let us turn to the yet undeceived non-communists, who keep trying to initiate some kind of dialogue. They are—more or less heretically—using marxist methods. They accept the Communist interpretation of facts for the simple reason that the intellectuals are always impressed by exhaustive systematisation. It is not a French intellectual weakness, but a weakness of intellectuals everywhere. If they come to feel there is an implacable logic in history, the last thing they would dare to do is to go against that logic. Of course, they ignore the real nature of the proletariat. Any industrial worker would know more about it than they do, for he would think of it in terms of concrete demands, and not in terms of utopian vision. Utopia is the favourite domain of social ethics: ruthless action is more efficient, though less satisfactory. Hence the drama of French leftists who keep contact with the Communists. They imagine the working class can count only on the Communists to defend it: only the Communists can maintain its aggressivity as a class. Only Russia can back world revolution. Utopians who call for the latter would feel utterly powerless without the Communists. But they are thus engaged in a persistent conflict between ethics and politics. The different trials behind the Iron Curtain, the question of the concentration camps, the anti-Zionist policy, have made it difficult to keep their wavering distinction between totalitarian policy as a means and social ethics as an end. Their grand idea would be to build up a mentor-like party, free from Communist obedience but working closely with the Communists—to become, in short, the moral conscience of the Communists—who themselves could not care less about it. Unfortunately, such a party would have no rank and file: rather illogically, they had counted upon the titoist schism to persuade some Communist leaders to follow Tito's example and carry along the masses with them. But they are still as alone as—and more lonely than—five years ago.

A few months ago, Jean-Paul Sartre withdrew the permission he had granted six months before to a Viennese theatre to perform his anti-Communist play, 'Les Mains Sales', and announced his intention of attending the Peace Party Congress. Some time before he had started performing the lone wolf act by publishing in *Les Temps Modernes* a series of violent articles trumpeting his solidarity with Communist policy in general. Those articles were talented, ferociously satirical, sharply and

often deservedly critical not only of the bourgeois' self-righteousness but of the leftist's one as well. Yet they are biased and confused. Sartre's main purpose was to justify every move of the Communist Party, since its creation in France, up to the abortive manifestation against Ridgway's arrival in 1952: and to justify in the same breath the main lines of stalinist policy in general. He denounced the myth of the proletariat dear to leftist idealism, but gave his own definition of the proletariat as unrelated to the rest of society and claiming its own segregation as a distinctive part of its reality. Rediscovering the marxist postulate that the working class asserts its own existence in terms of fight only, Sartre chose the facts of history on the level of mere social war; horrors and crimes are part of the game when perpetrated for the abstract sake of the cause. Not for a single moment did he state those crimes: where drastic change is a necessity it seems to him to contain its own justification.

Sartre scorns the ethical scruples of the leftist intellectuals in France, whose casuistry leads to political atomism only. But he does not think one can be a Communist without being a real member of the proletariat. As a specific community of suffering, interest, and hope, the proletariat is not only isolated but isolationist. Concrete action, in Sartre's view, means building up what he calls an 'independent left party linked together with the Communists', not to preach to them but to break the isolation of the masses and strengthen tactically the Communist Party's position during its present crisis. In short, Sartre advocates a new popular front, the conditions of which may be written in the stars for him, but do not exist in political facts. He adopts the old idea in a new form: one cannot see precisely why, if not to snarl at the idealists and proclaim himself the only true realist among the intellectuals.

What will happen after the astonishing changes Stalin's death seems to have brought in Russia? Some leftist commentators tried in the first days to show that nothing had really changed. Their silence today is equally significant: it is the silence of great expectation. They cling to their double hope that a moral change might occur in the next development of the Revolution, and that a great leftist movement might be formed—a new type of socialist front introducing in revolutionary action the principle of diversity and some of the traditional views of political idealism. Even the former Communists of *Franc-Tireur*, until now so full of hatred against the stalinist system, show signs of a restlessness that could well be the negative aspect of a new hope. Will it remain wishful thinking? We may know soon enough whether recent events have dissipated some of the torpor on the left or whether leftist leaders are still hamstrung by their political inhibitions.

Third Programme

What the United Nations Stands For

By TRYGVE LIE

WHERE do we find the United Nations in the struggle between the forces of good and evil, of life and death? Against the overriding threat of war, the United Nations stands for universal and collective security, and, ultimately, universal disarmament. Against the disputes and rivalries that have so often led to armed conflict in the past, the United Nations stands for conciliation and peaceful settlements. Against those ancient enemies of mankind, poverty, disease, hunger and ignorance, the United Nations stands for world-wide co-operation to raise the standards of living and to provide more equal opportunity to the men and women of every race and nation for a decent life. Against injustice and the abuse of power, in all their forms, the United Nations stands for equal rights for nations and human rights for individuals. Against intolerance and hatred, the United Nations stands for understanding and friendship. If we had been without this universal institution for mobilising the creative and constructive forces of the world during the years since 1945, we would be much worse off today. As it is, we have an institution, tempered and tested by the hard realities of the past eight years: an institution that has prevented the worst from happening: an organisation that has done much good and that can be used more effectively in the years ahead.

Many opportunities have been lost since 1945, because governments too often looked upon the United Nations merely as a convenience on appropriate occasions for the advancement of particular national or regional interests. No veto can, in the long run, paralyse the United Nations in constructive work for peace and progress; but shortsightedness or indifference or impatience could gravely undermine our

hopes. In this respect the support and understanding of peace-loving people in all countries are of paramount importance. The governments need to know that their people will back them up in making the United Nations, in fact as well as theory, the central instrument of their foreign policies. For this purpose, more than faith in the principles and purpose of the United Nations is needed: stamina and a wise recognition of realities are required.

Korea is an example. It has been a severe test for our stamina. Yet we were as right to enter and maintain the fight against aggression in Korea as we have been to use every chance to reach an honourable armistice. Now, as I speak, the armistice negotiations have begun again. If an armistice results it will be a great victory for collective security. But then the next test will begin: real peace and freedom for Korea as distinct from a truce. It was not possible to foresee a Korean settlement except in relation to other Far East issues, and there can be no settlement unless the People's Republic of China is a party to it. On the one hand, it will be necessary to maintain armed strength at the service of collective security sufficient to discourage any more attempts at armed aggression, whether in Korea or elsewhere. On the other, it will be equally necessary for the United Nations to face the realities and be prepared to move forward one practical step at a time.

As in Korea so in Germany and Austria. I believe the peoples of the world have it in their power to abolish war and to wage an increasingly successful fight upon poverty through the United Nations.

—From Mr. Lie's farewell broadcast

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Into Summer

TOMORROW is May Day, which to those who are politically minded has its own connotations. In Moscow, what? It is perhaps symptomatic of the closed world in which we live, paradoxically in an age of fast aircraft, that no two expert commentators will be found to agree in interpreting the mind of the Kremlin after Stalin's death. To the vast majority, however, the beginning of May does not bring thoughts of politics or labour, but of the opening of summer and of games being played actually or vicariously. Next Saturday, for example, football and cricket kiss and prepare to part. While the Association Football Cup Final is being fought out between two teams from Lancashire, who will bring with them to the capital many strange but friendly supporters from the north, the Australian cricket team will already be engaged in their second match at Leicester. At Lord's, the official headquarters of the game, the opening first-class match of the season will start, while at Bournemouth the hard-court championships of Great Britain will take place, the contenders saying farewell to winter before transferring their energies to the sward.

It is curious to reflect in how many of these sporting events one may now participate without stirring from one's armchair. The fight for a train or bus, the long, if patient, queue, the struggle to park and un-park a car, all these are avoidable, if one is satisfied with watching the Cup Tie on the television screen, with listening to descriptions of cricket and tennis on the Light or Home. We are insatiable consumers of commentaries. Sometimes one cannot fail to think that it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of sport-listening mania when one sees members of a crowd at sporting events clutching a portable wireless set on their laps lest they should miss any of the finer points of that or any other game from instructed commentators. But at least they are in the open air. Not even the most devoted official of the B.B.C. would urge people to stay indoors if they can go out and bask in the sun or, better still, play games themselves.

In this country we take our sport seriously, even if we sometimes take our politics lightly. Nevertheless let anyone who doubts if we can laugh at ourselves go to see that excellent British film 'The Final Test', originally written for television by Terence Rattigan, and digest the jokes made about Britain's most peculiar and treasured sport. In what other country would a main item in the annual Budget be the abolition of a tax on so sedate a sport? Indeed one often feels that if cricket did not exist, it would be necessary to create it. There is a story that in the old days when there was an annual match at Lord's between the London clergy and the Southwark clergy a solitary spectator was observed by one of the players. A delighted parson offered to reimburse him with his entrance money as a token of appreciation, but first asked him why he had come. The answer was that there was to be found the only bar in London open all day. Such are the things that happen in the biggest and busiest capital city in the world. But it is only one of the many oddities of British life in summertime which culminates in portly fathers paddling in the rain on seaside beaches strewn with humanity and wrapping paper. So we look forward now to August and the Dog Days before we put the clock back and work and winter close in on us once more.

What They Are Saying

The Soviet reply to President Eisenhower

ON APRIL 25 MOSCOW RADIO broadcast the lengthy reply to President Eisenhower's programme for peace, published in *Pravda*, which at the same time published the full text of President Eisenhower's statement. The Soviet reply reiterated that the Soviet Government was ready for serious and businesslike discussions of outstanding problems both by direct negotiations and within the framework of the United Nations. It added that it was prepared 'to assume a proportionate share in the solving of international problems' provided that any proposals made did not run counter to fundamental Soviet interests or to the interests of 'other peaceloving peoples'. But in its comments on President Eisenhower's specific proposals for solving the problems that divide the world *Pravda* did little else but repeat the familiar Soviet arguments. Only in regard to the question of an Austrian treaty was there, perhaps, a new note. There can be an Austrian treaty, said *Pravda*, on the basis of agreement already reached and provided that there is a genuine regard for 'the democratic rights of the Austrian people'. And concerning President Eisenhower's bold bid for co-operation in a campaign for the relief of human misery and for the development of the backward areas of the world, *Pravda* recorded its impression as follows:

A new variant of the Marshall Plan and a continuation under a different name of President Truman's Point Four Scheme which aimed to subject weak countries and colonial territories to the so-called dynamic aims of American foreign policy.

Pravda stated that while President Eisenhower proclaimed his readiness to welcome proof of the Soviet Union's peaceful intentions, he attached a series of preliminary demands. The Soviet leaders made no preliminary demands, but this did not mean they had no claims. It also said that, in the light of statements made by Mr. Dulles and other U.S. officials, it was hard to judge just what American foreign policy was. Furthermore, it expressed surprise at President Eisenhower's hope that with a new Soviet government there might be a change in Soviet policy: the correctness of Soviet policy, said *Pravda*, had been proved by the entire course of international development.

In the evening of the same day that the *Pravda* reply was broadcast, an official statement in Washington expressed the view that it might be 'a first step towards something concrete in settling cold war problems'. The statement described the tone of the *Pravda* article as 'a welcome change from the usual vituperation against the United States and the free world'. A number of commentators in the free world were likewise quick to welcome the 'moderate tone' of the Soviet article. From Paris *Le Monde* was quoted for the belief that it left the door open to further negotiations. It also welcomed the new development whereby the Kremlin seemed to be giving more international news to the Soviet public. Western commentators also noted the milder tone of this year's May Day slogans, broadcast by Moscow radio on April 21, with the absence of the usual phrases about 'American imperialism' or 'imperialist aggression'. Unlike last year, there was also no anti-Tito slogan. One of the leading slogans appealed for peace between all nations and stated:

There is no controversial issue which cannot be settled by peaceful means on the basis of mutual understanding between interested countries.

The May Day slogans broadcast from Peking, on the other hand, retained the usual phrases about 'American aggressive imperialism' and also included one about the germ warfare the Americans were said to be waging in Korea. Belgrade radio, commenting on the Soviet slogans, stated:

Although the language employed this year is much closer to the language of genuine peace, slogans without deeds remain so many words. The contrast between words and deeds is precisely the stone over which the Soviet Government has been stumbling and which has landed it in a blind alley.

While commentators throughout the free world were almost unanimous in their welcome of President Eisenhower's declaration of policy, the speech by Mr. Dulles which followed it came in for a good deal of criticism. *Le Monde*, quoted from Paris, noted the difference of approach between the President and his Secretary of State:

European opinion . . . cannot fail to be concerned at the tendency of the new Republican regime to administer hot followed by cold showers. The fear is that Communist propaganda will find in these discordant notes just the arguments it is looking for.

Did You Hear That?

THE MYSTERY OF IFE

IN THE NIGERIAN TOWN of Ife, archaeologists have long admired the fine statues which were made by unknown artists some 800 years ago. A Nigerian Government expedition recently tried to solve the mystery surrounding the origin of these remarkable works of art, and a member of the expedition was WILLIAM FAGG, an ethnologist and archaeologist from the British Museum. He described the findings at Ife in 'The Eye-witness'.

'There have been found in Ife', he said, 'statues and heads made of bronze and terra cotta, as fine as anything from ancient Greece and the Renaissance, and this in a town in Africa where today the people have no pretensions to artistic accomplishment. Ife is the sacred city of the great Yoruba people. They number some 5,000,000 or 6,000,000, and, according to their legends, it was in Ife that man, and indeed the world itself, was created. Their ancestors of about eight centuries ago were among the world's most skilful craftsmen—not only in bronze and terra cotta but in glass and in stone. In fact, their culture has become famous among artists and anthropologists since the bronze heads that I am talking about were found there fifteen years ago. Incidentally, it was sheer good luck that they were found at all. They were found in a shrine during the digging of the foundations for a house.'

'We have known for nearly sixty years that there was once a high form of art at Ife, and one that was very different from that of other parts of Africa. Ife art treated the human body very realistically instead of distorting it in various ways like other African artists. This marked difference has led to a great deal of speculation. According to one theory, Ife is to be connected with the Etruscans and with the lost civilisation of Atlantis described by Plato. According to another, some wandering sculptor of the Italian Renaissance—and one who left no trace of his work in Italy—must have found his way to Ife.'

'None of these theories seem to hold water when put to the test on the spot, and one is thrown back on the natural explanation that all these works of art were the artistic expression of the African ancestors of the Africans who live at Ife today. But these people do not know how or where the bronzes and terra cottas originated.'

'Part of our work in this town of 60,000 or 70,000 people was to investigate some of the 100 or so ancient finds there. We had the co-operation of the Oni of Ife and the other chiefs of the town. So far, what we have found tends to confirm the belief that these beautiful bronzes and terra cotta statues were made by Africans in Ife. Certainly there can be no other explanation for the remarkable pavements made from broken pieces of pottery set on edge in a herringbone pattern which we found in many parts of the town. They told us at Ife that, some 300 years ago, the people of this remarkable African town were ruled by a woman, Oluwo, and it was she, they said, who made them pave their city in this way. In fact she made them work so hard that they resolved that only men should rule Ife in future'.

FACTS ABOUT CHLOROPHYLL

'Chlorophyll is a substance which gives the green colour to grass and leaves', said DR. MAGNUS PYKE in 'Science Survey'. 'Chlorophyll is the basis for the life of mankind and all higher animals: it enables carbon dioxide gas in the atmosphere to link up with water to form the sugar from which all vegetable food (and so all animal food) is derived. The power behind this synthesis is the light of the sun. The

fact that chlorophyll is capable of bringing about the synthesis of sugar in green plants shows that it is a substance of outstanding biochemical importance. Apart from the study of the way it works in green leaves, its possible effect on all sorts of biological systems has been examined. And, needless to say, its effect on the human body has been investigated.'

'In 1937 and 1938 reports began to appear in Swiss medical literature that chlorophyll stimulated the healing of wounds. In 1940 an American scientific paper was published stating that it caused the smell of suppurations to disappear'. Further experiments were carried out in the

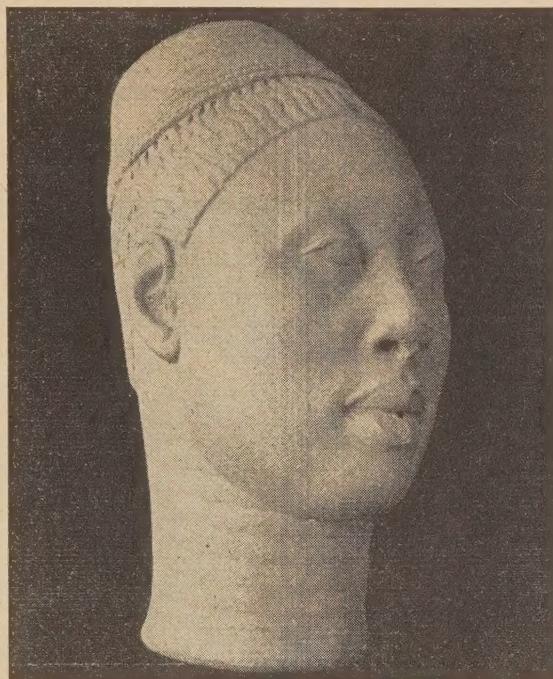
U.S.A., and in 1949 scientists at the University of Philadelphia reported, amongst the other details of their experiment, that 'for eleven patients where the observation was made, the smell of the wounds of seven was reduced.'

'By now the possible relationship between chlorophyll and smell had begun to attract attention. In 1950 a report was published in a medical journal in the United States entitled "Oral chlorophyll fractions for body and breath deodorisation". This gave the details of an investigation in which tablets of chlorophyll derivatives were given by mouth and the effect on various body smells examined. Here is an example. Twelve people who had been eating onions were given 100 mg. chlorophyll tablets. After two hours, the smell of onions could no longer be detected in the breath of four of them, and was described as "barely detectable" in that of a fifth. But in the other seven of the twelve people taking part in the trial, the smell of onions was still present in their breath after four hours. This, then, is the type of evidence on which chlorophyll preparations are sold in America. In this country also there are people who have been persuaded that it is of assistance in social life.'

'Clearly more facts are needed before cavil that chlorophyll does or does not possess the powers claimed for it. Meanwhile there are a number of items of scientific knowledge that can be applied in making an appreciation of the problem. First, the smell of a human body is mainly due to bacterial decomposition of sebaceous secretions—that is to say, sweat—on the skin. It can be argued that there are two ways of diminishing the intensity of such smell: either by removing periodically such secretion from the skin—by having a bath, for example—or by preventing bacterial decomposition taking place. According to an authoritative statement made by the American Medical Association in 1951, there was at that time no evidence that chlorophyll decreases this secretion or that it alters the kind of bacteria normally found on the skin.'

'There are also a number of basic facts about the smell of breath. Only a small part of such smell comes from the mouth and teeth and this can be removed fairly easily. Breath is the exhaust of the bodily engine and it comes from the products of combustion of the body's fuel transported by the blood and discharged into the lungs.'

'It must be borne in mind that smell, whether in breath or in the atmosphere of a room, is due to the molecules of a chemical substance striking the receptive areas of the nose. If you wish to remove smell from a room, you must catch these molecules that are floating about and remove them from the atmosphere. Although less than two-millionths of an ounce of amyl mercaptan is enough to provide a strong-smelling sniff for 1,000 people, each three cubic inches (the approximate volume of one sniff) contains about 300-million-million molecules. In view of the diffusion of molecules of smelly substances throughout the atmosphere of a room is it reasonable, I wonder, to



Terra cotta head, nearly life size, from the shrine of Lajjuwa in the palace of the Oni of Ife

expect them to bump against a small piece of material impregnated with smell-remover?

There, then, are some of the more significant facts about chlorophyll and about smell with which it is reported to be concerned. Whether it is or not is still being argued. The American Medical Association is doubtful about the whole thing. "Not only is the mechanism of action (of chlorophyll) unexplained", it reported, "but it is not at all certain that the action exists except in the mind of the observer". Even more recently Dr. Brocklehurst of Glasgow University has published results of experiments which gave no evidence that chlorophyll either absorbed smelly gases in laboratory trials extending up to five months or reduced the smells of hospital patients given very large doses of chlorophyll tablets. The doubts—whether well-founded or not—were succinctly expressed by R. W. Marsh in a couplet:

The goat that reeks on yonder hill
Has browsed all day on chlorophyll.

What do you think about it?

SHEPHERDS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

In a talk in the Home Service HUGH FARMAR described a visit he made to a sheepfold on the shoulder of the White Mountains while on a journey through this isolated and lonely range in Crete. 'Kosti, my host, his black dog, and I were on our way up a wild, shallow glen full of pine trees and horizontal cypress. We met no one except a charcoal burner and, after four hours' climbing, we were beyond the trees among rocks and scrub at a sheepfold. This sheepfold, or *mitata* as these summersteadings are called, was typical of many I passed in the mountains: a few shelters made of boulders, half caves, half huts, with round, stone enclosures for sheep and goats nearby.

'Sound carries immense distances in the mountain stillness, and the yelping of the dogs and the shepherds' voices as they called to companions a mile or two away came clearly to us long before we could see them. As the shepherds arrived I was struck by their magnificent appearance. Except for one youth, they all stood over six foot and were more than broad in proportion. Blue and grey eyes were commoner than dark, and against their sunburned faces stood out splendid sets of teeth that had probably never known a dentist or a toothbrush. Their food is very plain: whole-meal bread, milk and cheese, and, occasionally, meat. Most of these young men wore long breeches instead of the usual baggy trousers, and they all wore the invariable long boots essential as protection from stones and prickles.

'The shepherds were delighted to see us, and we stayed with them for two nights. By day I scrambled about looking for flowers and watching the eagles, griffon vultures, and other birds of the high tops. At night I slept in one of the *mitatas* on a bed, half wood and half stone, with a German greatcoat over me to keep out the cold from the snow drifts just above. The coat had belonged to one of eleven Germans killed by the Cretan partisans in a fight here.'



Cretan shepherds milking goats in the White Mountains

Hugh Farmar

in some concrete back-yard without any of these things.

'If you should be thinking of getting a tortoise this year, you will obviously want to choose one that is strong and healthy. That may not be as easy as you would imagine, for out of the thousands that come into the country each year, at least sixty per cent. fail to survive. Many have practically incurable diseases, others have crushed and broken shells, and some have only three legs, the fourth having rotted off after being tethered too tightly. There are one or two points that are worth remembering when choosing a tortoise. For example, it is never a good idea to pick one that fails to tuck its head in quickly when you touch it. People imagine that this is an indication of a tame tortoise, but, in point of fact, it is much more likely to indicate a sick one. If, when you pick it up, you press gently against the soles of the back feet, and they thrust back strongly, that is a good sign. The eyes should be clear and wide open, not watery or with a white or yellowish film'.



Imports from Africa: two tortoises with their sixteen young

'By nightfall, the day's milk has all been collected. Three times the active little dark sheep and the goats had been biblically separated into different folds and milked. Two men at the entrance of the folds seize the beasts in pairs as they emerge and, gripping them between their knees with the hindquarters foremost, milk them into a cauldron. They are incredibly quick milkers, taking only about fifteen seconds to an animal. If one arrives at this time they will cheerfully seize any utensil handy, usually an old tobacco tin, and milk you a cupful'.

BUYING A TORTOISE?

'It is a recognised fact that the chances of rearing tortoises hatched in this country are very small', said IVOR NOEL-HUME in a talk in 'Woman's Hour'. 'I thought we could do it—but I was wrong. The eggs hatched in October 1951; one baby survived for six months and the other for thirteen. We could not simulate their natural conditions nor give them sun in winter. But baby tortoises can be reared here, and I know of at least two families that have managed to do it.'

'Every year there are a great many new tortoise owners. Some people buy them because they think that a tortoise will rid the garden of slugs and other pests. It will not, but it will make short work of seedlings and some of your more succulent plants! There are some tortoises that eat slugs, but they are not the kind you find in the average pet shop.

Then there are the people who cannot be bothered to keep a dog, but feel they must have some sort of pet, and so they buy a tortoise, believing that it requires no looking after. That is just not true. Admittedly it might survive, uncared for, for a number of years, but that is an existence not a life.

'These tortoises come from a warmer climate, they have been used to different food, and for those reasons alone they cry out for kind treatment. A tortoise needs access to water (a shallow bowl or dish sunk into a corner of the lawn would do admirably), it needs shade to protect it when the sun is very hot, and a dry place to sleep when the nights are cold or wet. That is not a lot to ask for, is it? Yet you would be surprised at the number fated to end their lives

The Personality of Walter de la Mare

A tribute by V. SACKVILLE-WEST on the occasion of the poet's eightieth birthday

I HOPE Walter de la Mare knows, for he has been told often enough, what a hold he has on our affection. Other poets may command our admiration; our interest—sometimes a rather disquieting interest; our respect; our puzzlement; but Mr. de la Mare has got hold of our hearts. It is by no stranglehold. Rather it is by something as delicate and insinuating as the tendrils of a plant; each one fragile in itself, easily snapped you might think, yet curiously wiry and resistant; and, in the aggregate of their little myriads, whispering 'We hold you, we will not let you go'.

'All Good Fairies at the Christening'

I doubt if even the scratchiest of our critics has ever made any really disagreeable remark about Mr. de la Mare. He seems to have been born entirely deficient in the faculty of arousing animosity. They were all good fairies, without a single bad one, at his christening. They must have ordained, eighty years ago in 1873, as they hovered around the font, that this tiny object should be destined to grow into the best-loved poet of 1953—a very long time for a poet to retain his popularity among his readers and an even more remarkable length of time to retain the esteem of critics and reviewers, that fickle audience, always alive to new developments and professionally (and rightly) frightened of missing anything new.

Mr. de la Mare keeps his position, unassailed. It is very odd that he should do so. He has never been labelled with that now damning label, a Georgian, although, chronologically, he might deserve it. The pendulum of fashion has never swung against him—and this is one of the greatest gifts his godmothers at his baptism gave him: that Fashion, that destructive dame, should pass him by. Or should we say, rather, that he avoided her whenever their steps threatened to meet on the highway of the prevailing vogue: he skipped nimbly round the vast crinoline of her skirts, with a courteous bow, since he is the best-mannered and most gentle, gentle-mannered of poets; and came out on the further side of the road, still tripping along on his own, doing what he wanted to do, writing the poetry he wanted to write. Fashion is not for him. She may be a dictator, but some instinct tells him that her reign is short and ultimately doomed. He cannot be bothered with her. He must be, independently, himself.

This talk is not intended to suggest any critical estimate of Mr. de la Mare's poetry. It is intended to suggest some picture of his personality. And how on earth, or on the air, am I to do that? I do not know him very well; I wish I did. I can only say that whenever I have met him I have had the impression of something intensely alive; questing; almost, if he will not resent my saying so, like a terrier rummaging through undergrowth and starting more game than one has conversationally time to pursue. From the moment when I first made his acquaintance, I felt that there was no subject on earth I could not discuss with him, from the pleasures of bird-watching to the immortality of the soul; no personal experience with which I would not entrust him, confident of his instant understanding; and this first meeting did not take place, as you might think, sitting in the twilight over the embers of a wood fire, but at a London luncheon-party where he happened to be my neighbour at the table. Most unpropitious, on the face of it. And another curious thing about it was that he did not seem to be in the least out of place; although all that glitter and brilliance around him was surely incongruous as a setting to this poet of dreams? I came to the conclusion that he would not seem out of place anywhere, no more at a court ball than on the banks of a trout stream, and that the reason for this quiet assurance was precisely the same as for the security of his literary position: that he remained always, unalterably, himself. Gentle, and eager, and intensely sincere, he seemed incapable of any form of affectation or of altering his manner to suit his company. It was by no aggressive means that he imposed his personality; it was simply as though his own words, uttered in a different connection, were written all over him: 'That which I was, I am'.

For this very reason, perhaps, he made conversation on the small-

talk level out of the question: he plunged straight in. Most people who plunge straight in are apt to be both tiresome and embarrassing; Mr. de la Mare was neither. It was merely that he preferred to talk about the things that interested him, not laying down the law, or egotistically forcing his own topics on to his companion, but taking you into his confidence, sharing his excitement with you, asking your opinion, and then suddenly illuminating the whole thing with a phrase of his own—often a phrase that might have gone unaltered into one of his poems. On that particular occasion, I recollect, it was Love that he started by discussing; for, if I remember rightly, he was engaged at the moment on compiling an anthology about love. But his mind darted far too quickly for it to remain fixed for long on any one subject; he ran so quickly along a chain-system of fuses, touching each one off as he went, spurts of light which could have kindled bonfires had he allowed them time. He did not allow them time. He allowed them to flutter only for a moment as fireflies, tantalising, provocative, and then whirl away into the air, a squandered flock, gloriously wasteful, never to be recaptured and ever to be regretted—the offspring of a strange, original mind.

Would he be considered a good talker, as Desmond MacCarthy, for example, was recognised as a good talker? I should say, not in quite the same way. Walter de la Mare's talk strikes one as so completely spontaneous, so unpremeditated. One can imagine him quite as happily conversing with a stray cat in a tool-shed. He is so very far from being the professional conversationalist or raconteur. The most intrepid hostess could not imagine herself turning him on to hold the table as the meal drew towards its close. Indeed, those who have heard him lecture may have noted a certain rigidity which accords ill with all that I have been saying. He has been compelled to prepare his lecture; the bird of a free fancy has been put into a cage.

Free Fancy without Flippancy

A free fancy—yes, for his range includes fantasy, so closely bound up with his imagination; but never, never flippancy. That eagerness of his must be interpreted as the charming reflection of his underlying earnestness. Light though his touch may be, and it is, a serious purpose lies behind it. This is true of his personality, I think, no less than of his poetry. For if ever a mistake were more generally made over a poet, it is in the conception of Mr. de la Mare as the poet of pretty and unreal fancies. Poet of dreams he may be, poet of childhood, poet of remote romantic places; but from the very beginning it is easy to detect a sinister note—even in the earliest volumes:

I laid my inventory at the hand
of Death, who in his gloomy arbour sate . . .

That was published as long ago as 1906, and then six years later came the volume called *The Listeners*, containing what is surely one of the most suggestively alarming poems in the language:

Is there anybody there? said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door . . .

Mystery is there; but it is not the shallow mystery produced by the haunted house within the forest, nor even by the extraordinary metrical craftsmanship and association of words which entitle this strange poem to be called flawless; it is not the decorative pictorial mystery such as a pre-Raphaelite poet might have produced—and there is quite a pre-Raphaelitish touch at moments about Mr. de la Mare; it goes deeper than Keats in 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci' with which it has some affinity; and as for Edgar Allan Poe working along the same lines, it shows him up almost as a cheap though clever charlatan. This is only to say that the mystery of Mr. de la Mare's 'Listeners' goes right down to the very bottom of the well. It concerns the essential questions and the problems that most deeply affect that happy minority who lead the thinking life. They breathe a different air. Not for them are the petty squabbles of daily life; not for them the wrangle of party politics; not for them the materialism of an industrialised, mechanised, stock-

broking world. Walter de la Mare himself has said that 'one may voyage far, and perhaps in another Real'. He says Real, you notice, not Reality, for he is not concerned with what most of us choose to regard as reality, but only with the Real as he himself conceives it to be, and as I suppose we should all conceive it to be, were we but gifted with the vision of a poet or of a mystic.

This is leading me into deep and difficult waters, but I cannot avoid them when I have to speak of Walter de la Mare. Our gentle poet, my enchanting neighbour at the luncheon table, is really a dark angel in disguise. He coos with the voice of a turtle dove, and on his feet there are no claws; but he has a deep bass note in his throat, and his song is not always sweet. His song may even, at times, be alarming to those who do not like to penetrate beneath the surface of life, for Walter de la Mare, far from being merely the writer of graceful lyrics, is the poet of terror.

Let me repeat that: the poet of terror; the poet of alarm. The spokesman of everything that we have all, from our childhood upwards, been most frightened of, ghosts, and the unexplained, and the unknown. The spokesman of everything we get more and more frightened of, as the eventual mystery of death draws nearer. His major preoccupations are, and have always been, with the ultimate Real. With Time, past and present:

Through what wild centuries
Roves back the rose?

With the human voyage through life as we know it; with death, as we imagine it to be; with the ghostly hints of the life after death, as

The silence surged softly backward
When the plunging hoofs were gone,

and with the dreadful loneliness which is each man's lot on his journey. That is a theme that has always haunted him, and which finds its supreme expression in the long poem called 'The Traveller', a symbolic narrative of a man's last ride across a grim inhospitable desert, with only his white Arab mare for company. That poem was published when Mr. de la Mare was already seventy-three years of age, and at first sight it would appear as though he had himself travelled far since the light-hearted frivolities of his *Songs of Childhood* and of *Peacock Pie*, until we remember, as I have suggested, that the graver note was never absent, not even in the earliest days.

It is this combination of a graceful vivacity—sheer high spirits, almost

romping with fun—and a profound sense of the eventual mysteries, that makes of him so rare and important a poet. (Important is perhaps not a good adjective to apply to him: it suggests something portentous, which he never is; but let it stand.) Had this profound and ever-present sense been lacking, he might have remained for ever a minor poet—charming, endearing, delicious, but minor in the sense that Herrick, say, is minor. Not all his lyrical *afflatus* could have carried him into the upper ranks, nor all his lovely use of language and intensely personal vision have advanced him beyond a small though exquisite niche in the temple of literature. As it is, his awareness that more tigers than kittens prowl across our path . . . but perhaps I need not labour the point. We need only remember that the Shakespeare who wrote songs for Puck and for Ariel was also the Shakespeare who wrote 'King Lear'.

Am I hereby suggesting that Mr. de la Mare should be regarded as a major poet? That would indeed be a big claim to make, even as an offering on his eightieth birthday, and in any case it is an estimate that must be left to posterity. What we can say with assurance is that there is not anyone else like him. He is, in the most correct sense of the word, unique. There is only one Walter de la Mare; and yet there are two Walter de la Mares, really: the lyric and the tragic poet. Of the two, the tragic poet is surely the greater, since tragedy must always excel in the last resort. How right was Lord David Cecil when he remarked that 'Mr. de la Mare is occupied with nothing less than the ultimate significance of experience'.

On that phrase I think I might conclude, since it sums up everything that I have been trying to say. It takes me right back to the beginning of this talk, when I said that Mr. de la Mare and the fashion of the moment could have nothing to do with one another. It takes me back to the observation that he must always be himself and nothing but himself. It takes me back to his own remark that 'one may voyage far and perhaps in another Real'. And, above all, talking about him like this for twenty minutes to goodness knows how many people, and to what varying sorts of people, who may never have met him in the flesh but who love him through his poetry—this, above all, takes me back to that London luncheon party where I first met him and recognised instantly that I was in the company of the rarest, finest, purest spirit,

And did you once see Shelley plain?
to whom I now send with the deepest respect and gratitude these birthday greetings.—*Third Programme*

Hellenism and the Modern World—III

The Logos

By GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

THE Greeks were mocked at in antiquity for being so fond of talking. It was really their great glory. They believed in the power of the *logos*—'word' or 'speech'. It was their instrument to settle disputes, to find out what was true or what was fair. No other people at such an early stage of development had such a power of expressing itself. Tribes that had uniform tribal rules and customs did not often need to have disputes at all; if other people at that stage had a dispute, the dispute became a fight. But when a 'mixed multitude' was settled as citizens in a new-built city wall, they had to agree about their needs and laws and practices. They had to persuade each other, and the great instrument of persuasion, the great substitute for violence, is the *logos*. Traditionally it is translated 'word'; but it is 'talk' or 'speech': *sermo* rather than *verbum*. It is the most characteristic word in the Greek language. I see that the *New Oxford Greek Dictionary*, severely compressed as it is, takes 5,500 words to explain the meaning of *logos*. It lies at the root of philosophy, science, religion. Everything in the world has a *logos*, it says something, means something; God himself has his *logos*: he is saying something. If we listen carefully we can understand. We must also remember what wise people of the past have said—their *logoi*.

But let us consider what kind of *logoi* the Greeks preserved, as compared with other ancient nations. The Hebrews, for instance, have left a splendid literature, but rather narrow in range. There is an account of the beginning of the world, as in Babylonian and Egyptian; there are collections of laws and taboos; there are valuable books of

history, the text carefully edited again and again by the official Priests of Jehovah; there is a collection of songs or psalms, all religious and in much the same style. There is also a body of literature not extant anywhere else: a collection of the oracles of the prophets—that is, of course, the orthodox prophets of Jehovah. For some reason prophecy reached a higher level of thought and expression among the Hebrews than in any other society known to us.

What of Babylon and Egypt? Babylonian literature differs from Hebrew, of course, in having the characteristics of a great imperial state. It is polytheistic. It has a great code of law. In literature we happen to possess the remains of the library of Assurbanipal, the last great king of Assyria; a far greater library than anything classical Greece could pretend to. But what are its contents? There is the cosmological epic and the epic of Gilgamesh and a few similar poems; but, in the main, a quantity of prescribed rituals, different for different gods and for different priests, and adding up to a vast mass; a record of the great deeds of the king; and then a collection of thousands of signs and omens. The whole is dominated by religion, law, magic, and astrology. Egyptian literature, though it has some good stories and hymns, is equally dominated by magico-religious texts. The *Book of the Dead*, for instance, has been found in more than a thousand tombs.

When we turn to Greek literature we are in a totally different atmosphere. The first thing is the extraordinary variety and ease of expression. Where Hebrew presented us with one form of poetry—or at most two, the psalms and the prophecies—Greek gives us the epic

and the mock epic, the philosophical poems, the choral lyric and the personal lyric, each class with many sub-divisions; quantities of political poems, from the reforming Solon to the disgruntled Theognis and the revolutionary Alcaeus; wonderful drama, both tragic and comic; love-song, elegy, and narrative. Both Hebrew and Greek maintain a firm distinction between the half-magical language of poetry and the prose of ordinary life, but where in Hebrew there is only one fixed form of poetic language, in Greek every kind of poetry is apt to have its appropriate metre and dialect.

Philosophy and Oratory

In prose, of course, the variety is even greater, though, curiously enough, the kind of prose that is commonest in Babylon and Egypt is absent. There are in classical times no magic texts, no books of oracles, no records of royal megalomania. Oracles are sometimes quoted, and of course magic charms must have existed, but they were not apparently considered worth preserving. There is no one impressive code of law like that of Hammurabi; but a great number of local codes, mostly the work of individual law-givers, or committees, the result of active thought and discussion. There is history of many types, from the mere chronicle of events to the all-embracing *historiē*, or 'Enquiry', of Herodotus and the masterly political history of Thucydides. Then come two forms of literature almost unknown elsewhere: philosophy and oratory. Philosophy takes the most various forms, as it is based on physical science, or the needs of society, or the aspirations of ethical thought; oratory—that is, businesslike argumentative discussion—was a natural growth from free political institutions. There was no place for it in oriental monarchies; one can hardly imagine a discussion on foreign policy between the adherents of Jehu and those of Jezebel, or between Nehemiah and Sanballat the Horonite on the wisdom of rebuilding Jerusalem; but Thucydides is full of such debates, and, what is unparalleled in ancient, and rare in modern, literature, both sides seem to be understood and fairly stated. Then there is the mass of occasional writings, like the Old Oligarch's criticism of the Athenian democracy, Xenophon's reminiscences, Sophron's mimes or imaginary conversations, and the mime's marvellous progeny, the Platonic dialogue. The variety is much greater than in any literature before or since, until we come to quite modern times. Neither Rome nor the Middle Ages comes near to it.

It is modern in another sense too, in the very small part played by magic or superstition. There must have been plenty of superstition among the masses in Greece, and even in Athens: that can be proved from history and is illustrated by Theophrastus' amusing study of the Superstitious Man. But it was evidently looked down upon: it was not allowed to dominate serious literature. There is only one firmly rooted belief of a supernatural kind, and that one which it would be harsh to call superstition. In poetry, history, and philosophy alike, there is an undercurrent of conviction that the whole order of nature is somehow a moral order. The moral law is a real fact, and transgression is, by a Law of Nature, followed by punishment. No one can be unjust with impunity: as the proverb says, 'there are avengers for an injured dog'. Apart from this unproven faith, philosophy in general emancipates itself from traditional bonds with a completeness which has no parallel before, say, the seventeenth century in France or the eighteenth in England. As for science, the so-called Oath of Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, shows an attitude which would put to shame most practitioners for some thousand years after. The doctor must swear 'to make no pretence of magic, never to take advantage of a patient's sufferings or fears, but to remember that he enters a sick man's house as a friend to all who dwell there'.

I will not discuss the degree to which educated Athenians in the fifth century believed in their gods. It would be a foolish question, because Greek religion did not operate with creeds, only with practices. But one might say they believed very little in the Homeric literary gods, but a great deal in the strictly local deities who make little show in literature but have their roots firmly in the earth. But it seems certain that one of the first characteristics of Greek civilisation was scepticism. There were too many *Logoi*: too many local legends and traditions preserved; they contradicted each other, so one could not believe them all; there was no authoritative orthodoxy, and seldom any censorship of a religious kind. We find from the very outset divergent historical traditions; remains of local heroic legend are often contrary to the Iliad and Odyssey; Herodotus makes a point of collecting and criticising divergent versions of the stories that he tells. The first of historians, Hecataeus, starts his book with the remarkable outburst: 'I write as

seems to me true, for the *Logoi*, traditions, of the Greeks are divergent and absurd'. In philosophy, Protagoras says boldly: 'About the gods I cannot say either that they are or that they are not, or what like they are'. As for Heraclitus of Ephesus, there is nothing to prevent him from saying roundly that 'much learning does not teach sense, else it would have taught Hesiod and Pythagoras', and adding that Homer and Archilochus ought to be 'whipped off the course' for their misconduct. Imagine Jeremiah, or even Habakkuk who is *capable de tout*, saying such things about Moses! More remarkable still, perhaps, is Xenophanes, a professional *rhapsode* who lived by reciting Homer: he condemns Homer and Hesiod, not only for 'attributing to the gods actions which are disgraceful to men', but because their anthropomorphic gods are ridiculous—if cows or lions had gods, no doubt their gods would have the form of cows and lions. In truth god is a spirit with no shape of that sort'.

The word 'modern' is not always a term of praise; but, in perhaps the best sense of the word, how extraordinarily modern this is! Especially remarkable is the freedom with which the language itself moves. Most ancient languages are stiff; they express themselves in fixed formulae; there are things they can express and things which they cannot express. It would be almost impossible to discuss a modern political or philosophical problem in Hebrew, difficult even in Latin. But in Greek it can always be done, unless indeed you want to talk of things which had not been invented in Greek times and for which, as it happens, we generally have to invent a Greek name—like 'telephone' or 'cinema'. A recent Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Oxford, when wishing to get some thought exactly expressed, used often to write it in Greek as being clearer than either German or English.

Freedom of Speech

Equally remarkable and almost equally modern was the actual freedom of speech, both political and religious. The three or four condemnations for blasphemy, which occurred in the course of a terrible and prolonged war, became famous scandals. Considering how democratic Athenian courts were and how superstitious any *demos* is when really frightened, it is a surprisingly small list. The writers quoted above do not seem to have suffered at all for their philosophical scepticism; Aristophanes does not seem to have lost popularity for his attacks on the war party in the midst of the war. It does seem to have been widely recognised that, in order to reach truth or to reach justice, every thinker had to 'listen to the other side'. It is characteristic that Plato never dogmatises but always approaches truth by a dialogue, an argument between different points of view, and almost always leaves at the end some doubt, some feeling that though we have got deeper we have not quite reached the complete truth. Here, too, we find the influence of the *polis*. It was built, Aristotle says, that men might live, that they might escape from enemies and pursuers; but it goes on in order that men may 'live well' and find what is really the good life. And the way to that is by thinking and discussing.—*Home Service*

Anyone who had the good sense or the good luck to acquire a copy of Dr. Thomas Sharp's *Oxford Replanned*, published in 1948, will have no need of *Oxford Observed* (Country Life, 12s. 6d.), which is a rehash of small portions only of that memorable earlier volume, with thirty-one illustrations instead of 163. But for those who do not know *Oxford Replanned*, have no particular interest in proposals for the future of Oxford, and would prefer to avoid anything in the least technical, this little book has its virtues. The author's acute visual awareness, as well as his deep love of Oxford (so much less 'obvious', he feels, than Cambridge) are evident on every page, and he is justified in claiming that the book should assist the enjoyment of 'townscape' in general. For one reader Dr. Sharp overworks certain words, particularly 'foil' and 'sequence', and flogs rather too hard the notions for which they stand. We can picture him sitting down to his breakfast relishing the sequence, toast, butter, marmalade, as a foil to the grilled herring. But though the picture is very incomplete, Oxford is presented here with great understanding and an engaging enthusiasm, and those who are not put off by the glossy cover will find a high standard of production. The Victoria and Albert Museum's Monograph No. 7, *Bazaar Paintings of Calcutta: The Style of Kalighat* by W. C. Archer, has now been published by the Stationery Office (price 8s. 6d.). Sir Leigh Ashton, in his foreword, explains that Kalighat painting is 'a type of Indian art which bears the same relation to Mughal and Rajput miniatures as do Japanese colour-prints to the scroll-paintings of the classical schools. Not only are the pictures an invaluable key to popular Indian interests but they reveal the Indian feeling for line, form, and rhythm in its least inhibited guise'.

Building a New Capital City

By MAX LOCK

THE Punjab State, in the north of India, is considerably larger than England and Wales. In 1948 it was cut in two: half went to Pakistan, the western half, and the eastern half to India. The beautiful and ancient capital of the Punjab—Lahore—went to Pakistan. Lahore is a green, brick-built city with good parks and broad avenues. In the centre is the great Mogul Emperors' fortress palace, a magnificent group of buildings, built 300 years ago of marble and stone with inlaid panels and pilasters studded with semi-precious stones, cunningly worked by craftsmen who came from as far away as Italy. Near this palace, similarly reflecting the tremendous riches of those days, stands the famous Badshi Mosque—a feast of colour and fine craftsmanship. This, together with the golden domes of the Sikh temple and the tomb of Ranjit-Singh, enclose as monumental a city centre as you could wish to see. In the same city these great emperors have left us the lovely Shalimar gardens, which once seen you will always dream about; and just outside the town can be seen the slender minarets of Jehangir's tomb. There one is spell-bound by the magical harmony that exists between buildings and their natural setting, between the delicate elaboration of the architecture and the bright abundance of the landscape.

A Beautiful Site

But after partition East Punjab—that is, the Indian half of the Punjab State—was without a capital. The Government therefore decided to build a new one. The name of this new capital city is Chandigarh, and its site is on the fertile plain beneath the foot-hills of the Himalayas, about fifty miles south of Simla. When I was there last year I noticed what a lovely site it was, studded with groups of trees against the background of the mountains, and with the broad bed of the river meandering across the plain like a ribbon carelessly dropped on the ground. Chandigarh really is the name of the tiny mud-built village, compact and picturesque, that lies in one corner of the site. This village, with its pond and its well and its aimless wandering cows, is merely one of the 300,000 villages of India; even today, alongside the rapidly rising capital city it conducts its life according to a pattern that has hardly changed at all in the last 1,000 years.

What is this new capital city going to be like? Certainly it will not attempt to emulate the elaborate richness of the buildings built by the Mogul Emperors at Lahore, but the architects, with modern technical means at their disposal, and the use of concrete and steel as well as brick and stone, should be able to build a city whose form and function will be as exciting as any city in the past; it will be a centre for the Punjab Government, for the university, for commerce and industry, as well as for a national sports stadium.

The Indian Government has entrusted the building of this city to a team of four well-known architects: Le Corbusier and Jeanneret from France, and Maxwell Fry and his architect wife, Jane Drew, from England. Like Picasso among artists, Corbusier among architects is, I suppose, the great master of the modern movement, who has had an enormous influence on the development of new architectural forms in England, and, indeed, all over the world. He himself is concentrating primarily upon Chandigarh's buildings of state, grouped together in the Capitol (the ancient Roman name, of course, for a group of government buildings). The Capitol lies on the north side of the site almost surrounded by the river. Here the ground rises slightly—rather like a stage—towards its broad backcloth of mountains and clear Indian sky, while in the foreground is to be a long artificial waterway or canal, all in the true Mogul tradition, the tradition that produced the famous water gardens of the Taj Mahal, at Agra. In this setting will be the High Court, the Governor's Residence, the Halls of Assembly, an eight-storeyed secretariat building, and a large piece of monumental sculpture representing 'The Land'. The architects have thought of a good idea to conserve the atmosphere of peacefulness in the gardens which surround these buildings: the roads leading up to them from the town are to be dropped below ground level in a cutting, and the soil which comes from these excavations is to be used to make little

hills on the otherwise almost flat site; and these artificial terraces and changes of level will enable the architecture and landscape to be charmingly married into a single whole. Incidentally, to achieve this stepping up of buildings in terraces will be in accordance with the most ancient traditions of Indian town planning, set forth over 2,000 years ago in the *Shastras*, their ancient writings on town planning. We probably do not realise that the Indians thought about town-planning many centuries before we did, and, indeed, before the Greeks and Romans.

The capital city itself is ultimately to have a population of 500,000, but the first stage of the scheme will accommodate only 150,000. At first glance the plan itself strikes one as being surprisingly conventional. It is nothing other than a large, simple grid-iron, one parallel set of roads running north to south and the other parallel set crossing these from east to west, forming a rectangular grid along which all the main traffic flows, while there are slow roads for bullock carts alongside the fast roads for cars. At first glance this looks rather a dull arrangement. But running from top to bottom down the very centre of this squared map from north to south flows a broad, green continuous band of parkland, following the line of a small tributary of the river. This green wedge divides the town into two distinct halves and leads straight up towards the grand prospect of Corbusier's government buildings on the Capitol—an exciting climax.

But looking at the plan in more detail we notice that each rectangle of this road grid is quite big, three-quarters of a mile long by half a mile wide, which means that each can accommodate a complete neighbourhood of from 10,000 to 20,000 people; and this neighbourhood faces inwards on to broad parks and green spaces which flow right down through the neighbourhood from north to south, just as the big park flows down through the town. In these local parks are the public buildings and schools and recreation centres, as well as the places for children to play. Inside some of these oblong neighbourhoods appears a smaller, less regular rectangular line. This line is a purely local road which, safely inside the grid, meanders casually round the neighbourhood among the houses, passing across the strip of parkland to the north and to the south. This road is for pedestrians, carts, cars, and vans calling at the houses, all fast, main-town traffic being kept to the main roads of the grid outside the neighbourhood.

One Continuous Bazaar Street

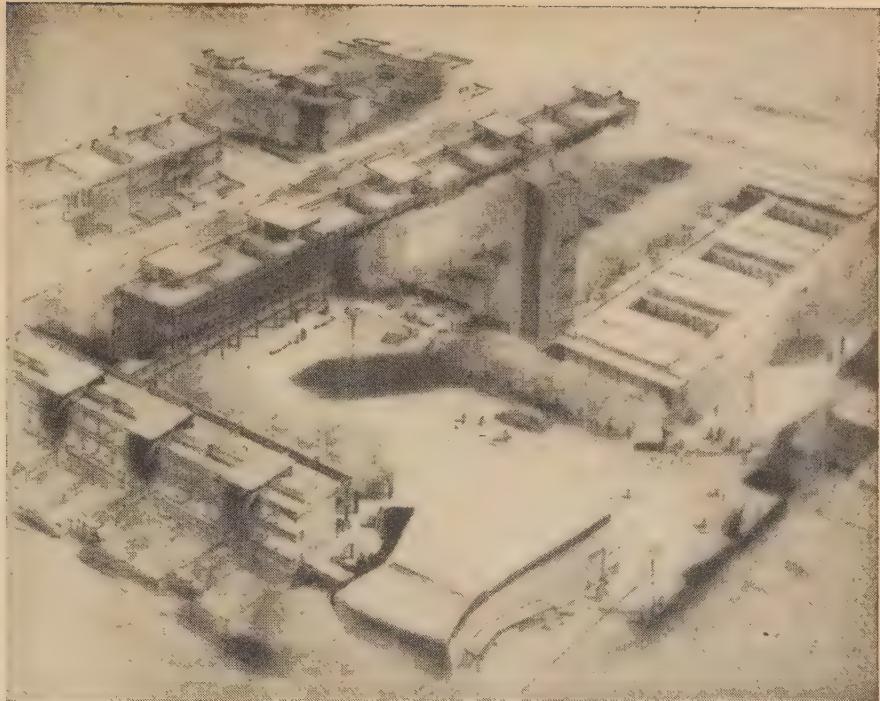
In India all shopping is done in the long, shady bazaar street, not in broad, open shopping centres such as we are building for our new towns in Britain. The Indian tradition is being followed at Chandigarh by providing in each neighbourhood all the main shopping in one continuous bazaar street; on the plan this appears to run like a girdle right across the middle of each neighbourhood. The little platform-like shopping stalls, in, on, or even under which the shopkeeper may sit, are on the shady side of the street only. But a city as big as Chandigarh, with fifteen or twenty neighbourhoods to start with and with ultimately as many as fifty, has to have its big main market and shopping centre as well. This is very generously arranged with the big shops and department stores surrounding three sides of a great square. In the middle of the square is a tall, clock tower, on one side of which a series of covered stalls is placed back to back looking out on each side on to small courtyards, thus preserving a sense of intimacy and busy-ness that is characteristic of eastern markets. On the other side of the clock tower is a more open arrangement—two long rows of trees sheltering some more stalls arranged in rows but entirely uncovered.

And what about the actual houses? When I was there, early last year, not a single house had been completed. The team of forty young Indian architects and engineers were camping out in big square tents on the site. But now 1,000 houses are finished, and 2,000 more are being built, by both men and women. These houses vary very much in size. The smallest house plot is only five paces long by twenty-six paces deep. The house has only two small rooms, kitchen, store, washroom and W.C., and can be built for about £240. The houses that I saw were rather like these and were being built in terrace blocks. But the

type of house that I liked best has a courtyard plan. It is a sort of bungalow with all its rooms facing on to a central open court. In addition, there is a verandah at the front and at the back. This type of house seems to me to be much more in line with the true Indian tradition, where the custom is for families to live together, all centred round the grandparents. Sir Patrick Geddes, nearly forty years ago when making his famous surveys of Indian towns, remarked about the housing schemes that were being built in India at that time:

The trouble is that with the European pattern of life in mind we tend to introduce into India not only our western conception of a home, containing the family reduced to its simplest expression, but also the complete independence of this home from all others. How different is this from the traditional Indian household, each of which contains many families grouped around the old grandparents. Though to the superficial European eye this may often seem overcrowding, and though overcrowding does often arise, yet we must not forget that to the Indian our western system seems little different from utter homelessness.

It seems to me, then, that if overcrowding is to be avoided the individual homes will have to be arranged so that they can be easily expanded as the family increases, just as its grid-shaped pattern will enable the town to expand unit by unit until about fifty similar sized units have been formed. But I cannot help thinking this puts a great demand on the imagination and human feeling of the architects and planners if they are to avoid monotony and cold repetition of ideas. Any standard idea of neighbourhood, particularly in India would be inconceivable. In the Indian community perhaps the only answer to the relentless summer sun is the narrow street and lofty cool rooms, and small, shady open spaces hardly any distance away. Once seen, one never forgets the typical Indian town, often entered by a gateway with shady, narrow streets where occasional rich details of stone and iron-work or a lovely *jahi*, a lattice of pierced alabaster, may be spottit by a penetrating shaft of sunlight. At frequent intervals these streets give on to a tiny, intimate square with its well and sacred peipal tree, its gossiping women, and naked youngsters playing round the well. In the corners, under a shady jeen tree, may be seen some of the older turbanned citizens, contentedly sharing a hookah and sitting in philosophical silence. Along the broader streets there would be squatting astrologers with palmists, barbers, surgeons, letter-writers, and dentists facing their patients with evil-looking pliers. And there would also be the town's free scavengers—the goats, the vultures, and the homeless street dogs. This kind of natural, colourful simplicity cannot be planned on paper



Plan of the market-place at Chandigarh, designed by Maxwell Fry

alone. Ideally it must grow up under the continual guidance of the sympathetic and understanding eye and hand of the architects and builders on the spot.

The first question that the people themselves always want to know about a brand new city that is planted on an absolutely virgin site is quite simple and blunt: 'What is going to make this town tick over?' In other words, 'What jobs are there going to be if we take our families to live there?; what industries are coming to the capital?; is the town well connected to the main routes of communication?; is it open to a good supply of raw materials from all quarters, and can it redistribute them easily in their manufactured form?' There appears to be no full answer to all these questions, but in the plan there is certainly a good area of land reserved for industry, and there are certain things at Chandigarh which will attract both industry and population. First, there will be cheap electricity from the great new Bhakra Nangal Dam; and second, there are still large numbers of refugees skilled in all kinds of crafts and trades who have come from Pakistan and want somewhere to live and work. What better than in the new capital where houses

are being built at the rate of more than 1,000 a year? In other new towns in India the refugees have already shown what a vital, lively civic life can be built up in a short time.

This is not the first time by any means that a new capital city has been built. America has its Washington, designed and laid out by L'Enfant in the eighteenth century; Australia has its Canberra; and, more recently, India herself had her monumental city of New Delhi, which was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, and built for the British Raj a generation ago, and is now the seat of Nehru's Government. All of these capital cities are sometimes criticised because they are a bit inhuman—rather cold, formal, or too grand. They are not really typical towns, but seem to be just places built to give an impression of grandeur where the government servants live. So there are two kinds of peril which beset the designer of the capital city: the first is that there tend to be too many people in the same occupation—in the jargon of our times, too many white-collared (or black-coated) civil servants—and no proper balance of employment. The second is that by too much grand architecture architects are tempted to strait-jacket the real living part of the town behind imposing and monumental facades. New Delhi would be like a mausoleum were it not kept alive by the fact that it has the colourful, lively, intimate, albeit congested, typically Indian city of Old Delhi just over the wall next door.



Work in progress on houses at Chandigarh

As for the new capital of Chandigarh, the old Chandigarh is too small a village to supply ready-made colour, variety, and life to the blood-stream of the new population, and Kalka, the nearest small town, is seven miles away. However, the Indian Government, I feel, is not likely to squander its resources on trying to achieve a forced monumentality. Certainly the town will have dignity, but will, we believe, be

simple and sincere in its form and in its function. Indeed, it may be that many Indians, especially those who have been uprooted by partition, will feel themselves particularly drawn to this city in its splendid setting, with good new prospects amid fertile land, a city which is being built to express a new beginning and a new future for them and for their country.—*Home Service*

Vermuyden and the Draining of the Fens

By L. E. HARRIS

AFEW weeks ago there occurred the tercentenary of an event of some considerable importance in the social and economic history of England. On March 26, 1653, the Company of Adventurers for the draining of the Great Level of the Fens, headed by William, 5th Earl of Bedford, was summoned to meet the Lords Commissioners of Adjudication at Ely. The Earl knelt before Lord Commissioner Whitelocke, one of the Keepers of the Great Seal, and received into his hands the document certifying that the Great Level had been truly drained in accordance with the Act of 1649, and that the Earl and his fellow Adventurers were thus entitled to their recompense of 95,000 acres of the drained lands. So ended the first chapter in that long story of the draining of the Fens, a story which has continued down to the present day and which is still unfinished. Nor were the Adventurers and their Director of Works, Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, to know that what they thought was the end of the story was, indeed, the end only of that chapter. But the event of March 26, 1653, marked the initial step in the eventual creation of the 700,000 acres of land of unsurpassed agricultural productivity in the Fenland as a whole. Therein lies its importance.

A Dominating Personality

The story of the draining of the Fens, in terms of the drainage system as it exists today, begins with the initial undertaking of 1630. Then, with Francis, 4th Earl of Bedford, father of William, leading the enterprise, Sir Cornelius Vermuyden was first engaged as Director of Works. It is a long and complicated story, often told with varying degrees of inaccuracy, and one which I have no intention of repeating in detail here. My main concern is with Vermuyden himself, whose personality dominated the field of Fen drainage in England for twenty-five years, from 1630 to 1655, and who still dominates its history today. But to understand Vermuyden we must know something of the influences which led to that first undertaking of 1630.

It must not be supposed that before 1630 no attempts had been made at draining and the prevention of flooding, and I should emphasise here that the primary function of any system of draining in the Fens must be to enable the four Fenland rivers, the Ouse, the Nene, the Welland, and the Witham, to discharge their waters rapidly and effectively into the Wash. Even discounting all other evidence, the records of the Fenland abbeys, Ramsey, Thorney, Crowland, for example, show that attempts were continually being made at drainage before 1630; nor can one ignore the Commissioners of Sewers, dating back to the reign of Henry III, who struggled with insufficient powers, and inadequate funds, to keep the watercourses clear and the banks in repair. But all this was only piecemeal work, merely playing with the problem, and the virtue of the undertaking of 1630 lies in the fact that it was designed on broad lines to deal with an area of about 300,000 acres. And on that fact the drainage of the Fens exists today.

I am not one of those who subscribe to the view, often expressed, that the dissolution of the monasteries, completed in 1540, constituted a fatal set-back to the draining of the Fens. Briefly, my reason for saying that is this. When the ownership of their Fenland estates was taken from the Fenland abbeys no true system of drainage had by then been created, nor do I believe that, had the abbeys continued in existence, there would ever have been sufficient co-operation among them for any all-embracing comprehensive plan, which alone could succeed, to have been evolved. Any influence which the dissolution did have on the course of history of the draining was clearly indirect, and, I feel, entirely favourable, because when in 1550 John Russell was created 1st Earl of Bedford, with the earldom went the Fenland estates of the dissolved Thorney

Abbey. John was the ancestor of Francis, the 4th Earl, and Francis it was who headed the undertaking of 1630 and, of much greater import, who gave Vermuyden his first employment as Director of Works for the draining of the Great Level of the Fens.

I am not suggesting that, had there been no dissolution, had Francis not possessed the Thorney Fenlands, there would have been no draining of the Fens. There were other influences at work. The most potent of these was the profit motive. Without being in any way disrespectful to the memory of Francis, Earl of Bedford, to that of his partners, or of Vermuyden, it is safe to say that there was little, if any, altruism in the Fen drainage business: each individual was in the business for the money he could obtain from it. Nor was there anything to be ashamed of in that. It was an 'adventure'. Not a physical adventure, but all were adventuring their money in the hopes of financial gain. That was a feature with its genesis in, say, the early years of the reign of Elizabeth I, not many years after the dissolution. The almost exclusive ecclesiastical ownership having been removed by this act, the Tudor speculators determined that there was money in the Fens and in the removal of the primitive methods of cultivation remaining there as part of the tradition of the Middle Ages.

But—and this I feel to be of paramount importance—the speculative feature was not entirely of English origin, nor did it reach its full significance until Stuart times in the reign of James I and the early years of Charles I. It stemmed largely from the Netherlands. In that country the practice of the art of land drainage and reclamation was a tradition, a necessity, because much of the country had been won from the sea and was retained only by constant vigilance, and continual attention to embanking and draining. And, it must be remembered, during the reign of Elizabeth I especially, and in the reigns of both James and Charles, there existed a very close affinity between England and the United Provinces, particularly during the struggle of the latter against the Spanish domination.

Reclamation in the Netherlands

The custom of the co-operative undertaking, the *onderneming*, for the reclamation for profit of flooded lands had persisted for many years in the Netherlands. In 1609 there was signed the Twelve Years Truce between the United Provinces and Spain. During the period of its continuance until the year 1621, the Netherlands poet and philosopher, but essentially man of affairs, Jacob Cats, had, in partnership with others, purchased in Zeeland land flooded for strategic reasons prior to 1609. He then drained and reclaimed this land and sold it at a substantial profit. In this way Cats laid the foundations of a considerable fortune, and the knowledge of this had its repercussions in two directions. First, it opened the eyes of Englishmen to the financial possibilities of the *onderneming*, or undertaking, for the reclamation of flooded or 'drowned' lands; and, second, it caused Jacob Cats, in association with Joachim and Cornelius Liens and other Zelanders, to explore the possibilities of such reclamation work in England. In 1621 the Twelve Years Truce ended, the war began again, and all land reclamation work in the Netherlands came to a standstill. Cornelius Vermuyden, the land drainage engineer, was unemployed, and in 1621, through the agency of Jacob Cats and Cornelius Liens, he left his native soil and landed in England. In England he lived the rest of his life, and in England he died.

Sir Cornelius Vermuyden is not merely another name in the labyrinth of our history. Nor can he be dismissed by the popular, and somewhat inaccurate, description of just 'the man who drained the Fens'. He was a man of brilliant achievement, an opportunist perhaps, a vivid

personality certainly, with all the faults of his period, but those faults were counterbalanced by something akin to genius in his own particular sphere of land drainage. The system of drainage existing today in the Great Level, or Bedford Level as it is now known, is fundamentally the same as that imposed upon it by Vermuyden 300 years ago; but that fact proves, or disproves, nothing in relation to the original effectiveness of the system, or to the correctness of the principles upon which it was based. The very nature of the scheme, its magnitude and extent, made it necessary that, once it was there, it was there, more or less, for all time. It could not be rubbed out and started all over again.

When, in 1638, Vermuyden wrote for the benefit of Charles I, his then patron, his *Discourse Touching the Draining of the Great Fennes*, copies of which still survive, he provided us today with an exposition in his own words of his principles of draining enabling us to judge in some degree the reasoning which he applied to the solution of the problem of the Great Level. Needless to say, like all innovators, and Vermuyden was certainly an innovator of a reasoned, comprehensive scheme for the drainage of the Great Level, his views met with much opposition from many quarters. Notable among his opponents was his fellow Netherlander, Jan Barance Westerdijk. But Westerdijk can hardly be considered as an impartial critic since he had failed himself to be appointed by the Earl of Bedford as Director of Works for the first undertaking of 1630 when Vermuyden had succeeded. Westerdijk's principles, essentially contrary to Vermuyden's, may have been as sound, and might, perhaps, have eventually been as successful, but even in the light of our present-day knowledge I would hesitate to express a definite opinion on this point.

Westerdijk's principle was to raise the embankments of the existing rivers, to contain the waters within those banks, and thus to increase the velocity and scour in time of flood. Vermuyden admitted in his *Discourse* that this was what he called a 'general Rule in Draining and gaining of drowned Lands', but he contended, and rightly in my opinion, that the making of many miles of high banks from the unstable soil of the Fens would be both costly and dangerous. His main principle was, therefore, to replace, or supplement, the existing tortuous river courses by long straight cuts, and thus increase the gradient, a principle so well exemplified, and visible today, by the Bedford River and the Hundred Foot River running side by side for twenty-one miles or so from Earith in Cambridgeshire to Denver in Norfolk. And between these two artificial rivers lie the washes designed by Vermuyden to act as storage reservoirs, or, as he put it himself, 'Receptacles for the Waters in all times of extremity'—another principle on which he fell foul of Westerdijk, and one adversely criticised



Sir Cornelius Vermuyden (c. 1595-1683): a portrait by van Miereveld

later by Charles Labelye, and others, but today accepted as sound.

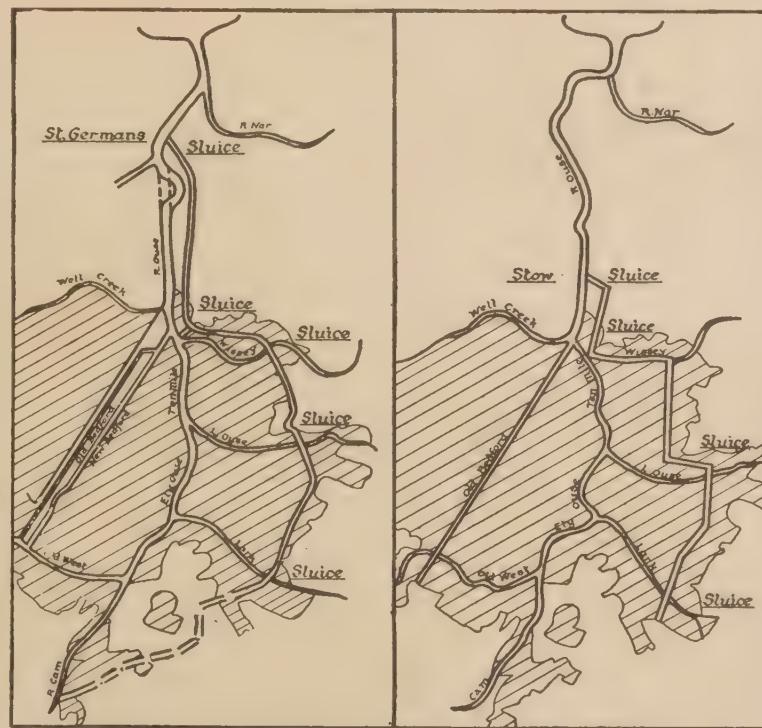
It has been truly said that at the beginning of the seventeenth century the average Englishman's mind and world were more than half medieval, while by 1660 they were both more than half modern; a statement epitomising the rapid developments, mental, material, and scientific, which occurred during that period. Between the years 1630 and 1655, the period of Vermuyden's association with the Great Level, his mind doubtless took part in the scientific development then going on, but whether he reaped any conscious benefit from this in relation to his practical work in the Great Level, is another matter. The scientific knowledge of the first half of the seventeenth century, and indeed for some time after, was overcharged with philosophical considerations, whereas Vermuyden was concerned essentially with practical considerations. And by the year 1638, the year of Vermuyden's *Discourse*, the era of true scientific experiment, later to be exemplified by such men as Isaac Newton, Robert Hooke, Robert Boyle, and others in England, by Christiaan Huygens, Leibnitz, and, say, the Bernoullis on the Continent, still lay in the future. It is true that in the sixteenth

century there had been an important group of scholars who had paved the way for the true scientific revolution of the seventeenth century. Of this group I might mention the Netherlander Simon Stevin, who died in 1620, of whom it has been said that he performed in mechanics and hydrostatics the first real progress since Archimedes.

Then again, in the particular field of land reclamation, in or about 1570, Vermuyden's countryman Andries Vierlingh had written his *Tractaat van Dyckagie*, the first practical treatise on the art of polder reclamation, the building of dykes, and so on; but Vierlingh's book merely emphasised the necessity for reliance on practical experience and pure empiricism.

An examination of Vermuyden's *Discourse* shows that he indulged in no philosophical speculation but stated his problems, and his proposed methods of solving them, in plain straightforward language. The draining of 'drowned and surrounded grounds', as the term was in the seventeenth century, was not at that time, any more than it is today, an exact science. This applies particularly to the true Fens of the eastern counties, the classic Fens as they have been termed, where such large expanses of land, and such complicated river systems, have to be dealt with. Today there exist the developed sciences of hydraulics, hydrology, soil mechanics, and the rest, all of which contribute to the solution of the problem; but, in spite of this, the problem still remains both complicated and unprecise, with the result that, broadly speaking, it is difficult to define within fine limits the means, and methods, to be applied to a particular aspect of the problem.

This being so, it will be



Left: the flood prevention scheme, proposed in 1940 and about to be carried out, in the South Level, compared with (right) the scheme proposed by Vermuyden in 1642. Both include a cut-off channel uniting the rivers Lark, Little Ouse, and Wissey; the modern plan prolongs the channel to the Cam

realised that, at the time when Vermuyden was working in the Great Level, the differences of opinion as to the correct methods and principles to be applied to the draining *de novo* of the Great Level were even greater than they would be today, since there existed no common scientific basis on which a solution could be founded. In other words, I think it would be safe to say that Vermuyden was not consciously influenced by the scientific developments which were in their embryonic stage during the period of his activities. I believe that he possessed an indefinable something closely akin to genius, and, to borrow an expression from Samuel Butler, he was capable of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises. But one thing I think certain about Vermuyden is that he was symptomatic of the escape from medievalism which was in progress at the time.

Vermuyden's association with the Great Level came to an abrupt, and somewhat inexplicable, end on February 4, 1655, when, as noted in the Minutes of the Proceedings of the Adventurers, he attended his last meeting. After that comes complete silence and the contemporary history of the Fens knows him no more, while for modern historians the year 1655 usually marks the extinction of Sir Cornelius Vermuyden. In actual fact it was nothing of the kind, and if, for example, the archives of the Court of Chancery are examined, there will be found the records of numerous suits in which Vermuyden and his two sons, Cornelius and John, were involved after 1655 in connection with their interests in the Derbyshire lead mines, a not unimportant feature of the Vermuyden story.

Still, my concern here is with Vermuyden's achievements; March 26, 1953, marked the tercentenary of the culmination of his work in the Great Level, and of the foundation of the agricultural richness of the Fenland. For this a debt is due not only to Vermuyden but to the Earls of Bedford and their fellow Adventurers, and to many a long-forgotten Netherlander of the early years of the seventeenth century.

The recent disastrous floodings on our own east coast and in Holland have shown the common danger to which our two countries are exposed by the incidence of exceptional tidal surges in the North Sea, and they emphasise also the strong geographical affinity existing. Such disasters are little related to the true Fen drainage, which is a problem of somewhat different character; but Vermuyden, brought up in the vulnerable province of Zeeland, where so much damage has been done in the past months, must have been conscious of the sinister forces of uncontrolled water waiting to destroy the works of man. He must, indeed, have often heard the tales of the inundation of the large tract of the Reimerswaal near his own island of Tholen about the year 1570, a tract of land which still lies beneath the water. And thus was born in him a respect for water and an understanding of its problems, an understanding much in advance of contemporary knowledge. To give an example of Vermuyden's foresight, it will be appropriate to record that, in 1638, he showed on the map accompanying his *Discourse* a cut-off channel uniting the rivers Lark, Little Ouse, and Wissey as part of his Flood Prevention Scheme in the South Level. This he was not permitted to carry out, presumably for financial reasons. In 1953 the Flood Prevention Scheme about to be begun in the South Level incorporates an almost exactly similar channel as its main feature. The conclusion to be drawn from this does not need any emphasis.

To bring the story to a close, let me refute the usually accepted statement that Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, neglected by his friends, disappeared in complete obscurity and poverty. The truth, which I have recently been able to discover, is that he died in comparative affluence in his house in Channel Row, now Cannon Row, in Westminster, and he lies somewhere in the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster, where he was buried on October 15, 1677. Born a Zeelander, I think we might safely say that he died a Londoner.—*Third Programme*

British Production during the War

By C. A. OAKLEY

BY how much did we catch up on Hitler during that breathing space we had between Munich and the beginning of the last war, twelve months later? Professor Postan in this monumental treatise about British war production* provides the answer; and his answer is that our inferiority was increased, not decreased, during these twelve months. We scarcely held our own even with aircraft, to which we had given first priority—and yet, even there, at the very beginning, our first notable achievement has to be recorded. Our new aircraft, the Hurricanes and Spitfires, were better than anything the Germans had: we just had not enough of them. We had been so hard up during the industrial depression that the Royal Navy's strength had fallen below the safety limit; most of the aircraft flown by the Royal Air Force in the early 'thirties were of types left over from the first world war; and the Army had been not so much demobilised as disbanded. So Hitler in his rearmament drive got ahead of us by several years; and when it is recalled that a few months after the war started most of Europe's productive capacity fell into his hands, it seems incredible that we ever caught up on him in the armaments race. Yet we did, and we beat him too.

Professor Postan sees this race between us and Germany in four phases. During the first phase, from Munich in September 1938 to Dunkirk in May 1940, we actually dropped further behind. We really believed that time was on our side. We went on stolidly working at a programme which was planned to reach its peak at the end of 1941, and—we really did get a move on. By the beginning of the war the Navy, for instance, was in fairly good shape. The Air Ministry was building 800 aircraft a month, roughly the same number as Germany was building. And, while our production of tanks was lamentable, and of guns not much better, some of the Army's supplies were good; supplies of explosives, for instance, and of greatcoats and heavy underwear. Some people jeered at that, but it is worth remembering that Hitler did not have winter clothing ready for his troops when he invaded Russia. And that is one reason why he lost the war.

For most of the second phase of the production war, from Dunkirk

in 1940 to Pearl Harbour in 1941, we stood alone. Our industry was stimulated to an effort which had never before been equalled. By this time we had fallen even farther behind, for in the retreat from France we had lost all of the equipment for eight to ten divisions. Indeed, we were left in this country with barely enough for two other divisions. At this ghastly moment the Air Force was the chosen instrument for our salvation. Lord Beaverbrook, as Minister of Aircraft Production, was given virtually unlimited powers to ensure that we achieved the greatest possible production of aircraft. He decided that nothing, absolutely nothing, should obstruct the building of Spitfires and Hurricanes, and of three bombers, and three only. He was ruthless, but between April and September, 1940, he did almost double the delivery of the new fighters. I served under Lord Beaverbrook while he was achieving the impossible and doing it so spectacularly. I saw little of him, but I heard plenty from him on the telephone, and, incidentally, at the oddest hours of day and night. I most sincerely believe that nobody but this ebullient little man would have had the courage—or should I say the audacity?—to carry through the drastic decisions that got the new fighters in the air in time for the Battle of Britain.

Labour shortages did not present a serious problem in the early stages of the war, except in some of the skilled trades. But by 1941 the situation had changed; and the mobilisation of women began. Ultimately we achieved the astonishing total of 5,250,000 men and women working in the various munitions industries. And by then the only people who were not directed into production jobs were women who had to look after young children. In this, as Professor Postan says, we went much farther than either Germany or Russia ever did . . . and, may I add, much farther than the United States ever thought of. In the realistic war we were fighting by this time we did not remain purely on the defensive and our factories were soon meeting demands to make new things for the war beginning in the Western Desert—special kinds of vehicles, tanks, and anti-tank guns. New branches of the Army, like the Commandos and the Airborne Division, had to be equipped. And, when Russia came into the war, we went to her help

* *British War Production*. By Professor M. M. Postan. H.M. Stationery Office. 32s. 6d.

too. In the first eight months we sent to Russia, among many other supplies, about 1,800 aircraft and over 2,000 tanks.

One of our greatest fears at this stage was, as Professor Postan points out, that we would run short of raw materials—a fear which, by the way, became even more acute when Japan overran south-eastern Asia. In the earlier years of the war we had been very sparing in our purchases from the United States—we had to pay on the nail for everything—and even in the spring of 1942 we were still getting some of our supplies from America on a cash-and-carry basis. Afterwards we received many things under the invaluable Lease-Lend Act, but shortages in our war production industry were avoided chiefly by drastic economies at home in the making of all kinds of domestic goods. Austerity dominated our standards of living for the rest of the war.

And now in 1942 we were in the third phase of the production race with Germany. Our hearts were lighter, because we felt that victory was assured . . . but only in the long run, for though we had powerful allies with us now, we had also taken on new enemies. But more than that: the Battle of the Atlantic was going badly, and the Admiralty had a heavy job on hand building new merchant ships and repairing damaged ones. And so the magnitude of our war production grew.

Aircraft again provides the best example of the changes that were taking place. Sir Stafford Cripps was Minister of Aircraft Production now, and he set out to increase very considerably the production of bombers, particularly of the new Lancasters and Mosquitoes. Bombers were still almost the only means by which we could get to grips with the enemy. In Lord Beaverbrook's day the keynote had been improvisation; under Sir Stafford Cripps it became organisation. Then, having substituted carefully worked-out programmes for what were in fact wildly optimistic and unobtainable targets, and having given the Air Ministry what it had always wanted—guarantees of monthly deliveries of so many aircraft—he went round visiting the factories where aircraft components were being built, and making personal contacts with management and workpeople. Perhaps my highest tribute to Sir Stafford's grasp of technical details would be to say that I heard him give eighty speeches in factories and that every one of his speeches was different from the others, and every one of them sound on those technical details.

Struggle between British and German Designers

During this period a bitter struggle was going on between British and German aircraft designers. We did not have the monopoly of clever men, and a neck-and-neck race was run to improve the quality of fighters and bombers—and that usually meant making them more complicated. And while our Mosquitoes and Lancasters kept ahead of the Germans, they in their turn excelled with their dive bombers. Nor would many boast that we distinguished ourselves with naval aircraft. At about this time, however, public criticism became focused on our tanks rather than on our aircraft. By the end of 1941 we were building as many tanks as the Germans, but the enemy always seemed to keep ahead of us in firing power, or in speed, or in manoeuvrability, or in something else. This reflected the years of experimenting the Germans had had in the 'thirties with tanks and particularly with tank engines. And so, as Professor Postan says, our best tank, the Cromwell, did not really come into service with the troops until late in 1943. And then it was found to be, as it was designed at that time, not entirely suited to the close-range battles in Normandy.

In this year, 1943, our production effort reached its peak. Almost every branch was functioning with smooth efficiency. We met all demands made on us, including the equipping of the Polish Prisoners' Divisions arriving in the Middle East from Russia. We also had 500,000 British workers engaged directly or indirectly in providing goods and services for the United States Forces based in the United Kingdom. This was achieved to no small extent by the success of the British machine tool industry which expanded its production to five times what it had been before the war—a really remarkable achievement.

The offensive which was being prepared on Europe was by now focusing attention not only on our obvious needs, such as the need for vast quantities of things like landing-craft, tanks, guns, and Bailey bridges—another of our innovations. Secret plans had to be carried out, too, with production from many factories so accurately co-ordinated that everything had to click together on D-Day, as, indeed, it did. There was Mulberry, the prefabricated harbours for the unsheltered beaches of northern France. And Pluto, the oil pipe that ran along the bed of the English Channel. The Admiralty played a vital part in preparing for D-Day. Few departments had had to adapt themselves

to as many changing needs as had the Admiralty. In 1943 the amount of naval tonnage—that is, of fighting ships—under construction was far higher than anything reached before in this country; and that quite apart from the building and repairing of the merchant ships.

But even greater revolutions were taking place. And radio provides a particularly striking example. Its use was eventually extended in many ways, from navigation to the detection of submarines, from precision bombing to naval gunnery—and, of course, to light-weight radio equipment for the infantry. In the end over 100,000 people were employed in the radio industry in this country. Yet that does not seem particularly surprising because, as Professor Postan says, radar captured the imagination of the people more than any other weapon of war, except, of course, the atomic bomb. Some of our most remarkable achievements, however, attracted less attention. One was in medical supplies. Not only did we make vast amounts of drugs and equipment for use in many parts of the world. Astonishing developments in new kinds of drugs and the like took place too. Penicillin went from laboratory production in 1942 almost to mass production before the war ended. So too did the sulpha drugs and several others.

The Last Stage

And so, in 1944, the fourth and last stage in our war production was reached: the slowing down and stopping of the machine. This had been badly handled after the first world war. Then industry was suddenly demobilised, and the result was general chaos and much unemployment. This time the first cuts began as early as 1943, long, indeed before the war was over. By D-Day the total number of people employed in war production had already fallen by 250,000. But things did not work out as they were planned. The campaign in Germany took longer than was expected. Japan's capitulation came sooner than was expected. Some departments had wished to keep their production of new craft and devices at quite a high level. But financial stringency reared its head again. So the Board of Trade now got priority over the supply departments—to restore civilian production and the export trade as quickly as possible. Yet, in spite of the extensive switches that took place, there was comparatively little unemployment, and British industry turned over remarkably smoothly from making war stores to making goods for the home.

British industry has gained much from its experiences in war. It has acquired many new buildings and a great deal of new plant. Its labour force has learned new skills and can make many new things. The war did something even more significant than that: there is no point in denying that between the two wars our industry slipped back when compared with that of some other countries. The terrific shake-up the war gave us—has changed the attitudes of our managers and our workers. And, as Professor Postan says, the historian of the future might see the beginning of a new outlook in British industry in what it achieved and what happened to it during the second world war.

—Home Service

The Victor

You whom I never made,
Neither brought forth,
My child who teaches at my knee
The strength of weakness,
Do not get lost
In wide, unfriendly fields
On the edge of the thunder.
You who have taken
Like a young general
The fort of all strength
With a look and the artillery of need
And the face of a dead emperor.

Napoleon of loneliness,
Child more strong than armies,
Stay here where the light will not change
Nor the storm make blind your eyes
That hold your victory
And yet resemble
The drinking pools where timid things
Start at a breath
And are gone.

I. R. ORTON

NEWS DIARY

April 22-28

Wednesday, April 22

Communists in Korea undertake to release more than the 605 prisoners originally promised

U.S. Secretary of the Army makes official statement about the bids for the Chief Joseph Dam

A Viet-Minh broadcast announces the setting up of a 'Free Laos' Government

Thursday, April 23

Mr. Dulles announces the unanimous agreement of the North Atlantic Treaty Council that the Soviet peace campaign was a change in tactics rather than policy

Commons hold all-night sitting for third night in succession on Transport Bill

Minister of Education states that adult education authorities will receive the same grant in the present financial year as in the last

Friday, April 24

H.M. the Queen invests Mr. Churchill with the Insignia of a Knight Companion of the Garter

The North Atlantic Council approves a financial agreement for the construction of airfields and other military installations

Kenya Government declares Nairobi to be a 'special area'

Saturday, April 25

Moscow radio broadcasts official Russian reply to President Eisenhower's speech of April 16. A statement is published by the White House noting the 'mild tone' of the reply

The North Atlantic Council concludes its meetings in Paris by reaffirming the policy of collective defence

Another atomic weapon is exploded in the Nevada desert

Sunday, April 26

Full-scale armistice talks are resumed at Panmunjom. Difficulties emerge about arrangements for repatriation of prisoners. Last batch of sick and wounded United Nations' prisoners are handed over by Communists

Viet-Minh rebel troops reach a point within forty miles of the capital of Laos

Monday, April 27

No progress is made in Korean armistice talks

Anglo-Egyptian discussions on Suez Canal zone open in Cairo

Dr. Adenauer postpones submission of treaties with the west to President for his signature

Tuesday, April 28

Government to set up a committee to plan transfer of control of atomic energy from Ministry of Supply to a non-departmental organisation

Mr. Eden to undergo a second operation



Sir Winston Churchill driving to Chequers on Saturday from Windsor Castle where, the previous evening, Her Majesty the Queen had created him a Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter



Right: a new photograph of H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. Her Majesty, who recently celebrated her twenty-seventh birthday, wears a pale pink evening gown with the ribbon and star of the Garter



The 1st Battalion, the Suffolk Regiment, marching through Sudbury on Saturday after Lord Stradbrooke, the Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk, and the Mayor of Sudbury had welcomed the men on their return from three years' service in Malaya. The regiment had the freedom of the borough conferred on it



The winner of the individual trials at Badminton, Gloucestershire



Right: visitors to Kew Gardens admiring the magnolias which the recent warm sunshine has brought out into their full beauty



Private William Cox of London, one of the British prisoners-of-war released by the Communists in the exchange at Panmunjom last week, being interviewed by correspondents at the reception centre at Munsan. In all, 684 sick and wounded United Nations prisoners have been handed over by the Communists since the exchange began on April 20



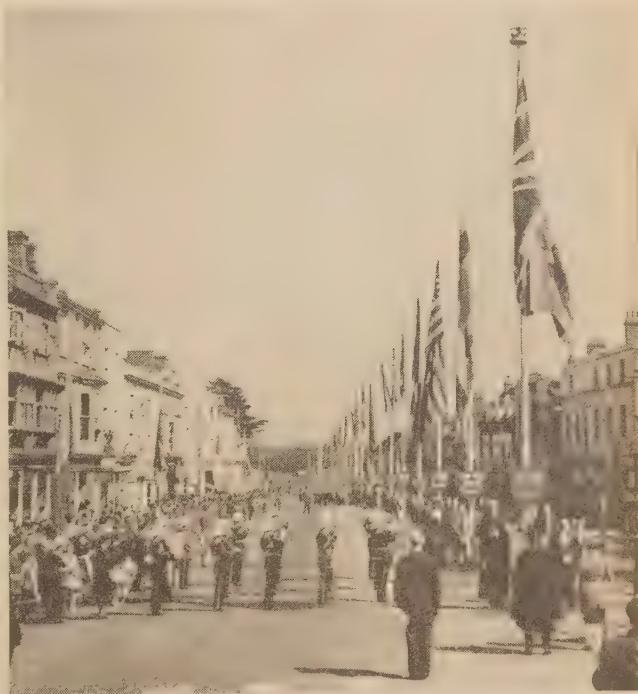
Captain Vyvyan Holt, former British Minister in Seoul, being greeted on arrival at Abingdon airfield from Moscow on April 22. He, together with six other civilians, including Mr. Philip Deane, correspondent of 'The Observer' who is seen following him, were recently released after being interned in North Korea since 1950



On the left: A horse and rider in traditional attire, likely participating in the International Horse Show.



Huddersfield after beating St. Helens by 15 points to 10 in the Rugby League Cup Final at Wembley on Saturday



The scene in the High Street of Stratford-on-Avon on April 23, as the flags of eighty-two nations were unfurled in celebration of the 389th anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare. Representatives of fifty-six nations attended

Left: 'Molly' the Ankole at Whipsnade photographed last week as she accompanied her three-day-old bull calf on his first outing

Party Political Broadcast

Our Country and its Problems

By the Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, C.H., M.P., speaking for the Opposition

SINCE my last broadcast was made here on behalf of the Labour Party, two important things have happened. There have been signs of a change in the international situation, and we've had the Conservative Government's second budget. You're entitled to know what the Opposition thinks about these two important events.

We're all tempted to do a bit of guessing about the international situation, but you'll forgive me, I'm sure, if I don't go too far with the guessing game. I've been Foreign Secretary, and I know the harm that can be done by thoughtless or ill-chosen words. So let me say just this. Some kind of change has happened inside Russia. It may prove to be a very big change, or it may be only new-looking wine in the old bottles. We don't know.

Of course we shall know more when the Russians have done a bit more. There are hopeful straws in the wind, but big concrete acts for peace are what we want; they haven't yet happened. Don't think I'm being a pessimist if I point out that so far the Russians have done very little. They've let fifteen doctors out of prison. Good. But they've put some other people in gaol in their place. However, that's not something they are doing for us. We didn't put the doctors in gaol. It was the Russians. They've released some civilians and some badly wounded prisoners from Korea—and how glad we are to see them! Nevertheless it's only what most countries would have done two years ago.

But it might be a beginning. Watch what happens to the new truce talks, and after that there's the problem of the final peace in Korea, of the Austrian Treaty, of free elections in Germany. If the Russians really meet us on these vital problems, then things are moving, and we can all begin to talk seriously about peace. But I do beg you all to remember that starting serious talks with the Russians—if they do start—won't be the end of the problem. It'll only be the beginning of new problems. The chance to build up a real and enduring peace will be the biggest challenge, and the biggest opportunity, that western civilisation has ever faced. In the Labour Party, we've already done some hard thinking about that. I was very glad to see that President Eisenhower, too, has been looking at it along the lines of Labour's world plan for mutual aid.

But all that is looking a long way ahead. In the meantime, and whatever happens outside, we have to build up the economic strength of our own country; we may still have to defend ourselves against aggression; we may have to carry on the cold war, or we may get the opportunity to carry the other war, the war against hunger, ignorance, and disease, into the far corners of the earth. Whichever it is, our country will need all her strength. It's in the light of that overriding need that we in the Labour Party judge the Budget and all the rest of tory policy. Does it help us to play our part in putting an end to the cold war, or in winning it if we have to? Does it help us to do our bit—to take the lead, if we can, in the world battle against poverty and disease? Does it make easier so to order our society at home that each can develop the gifts and talents with which he was born? Those are the questions we have to ask.

Our first job is to make sure that we can pay

our way in the world. That's one of the things that the Conservative Government has learned from us, and I'm sure we're all glad to know that, for the moment, the drain on our gold reserves has stopped and that we have slowly begun to restore them. But that's partly because in 1952, for the first time since the war, our imports were cheaper and we cannot tell how long this will last. But it's also partly because we are importing less in the way of food and raw materials than we really need, and in any case, it isn't enough. It's only the beginning of one of the important jobs we have to do.

We need bigger reserves—much bigger reserves. And we can't stop there. The British Government today must do more than balance its payments. It has to maintain full employment, fair shares, social security. It has to keep up decent living standards, build up our defences, and keep a bit over to help the backward parts of our Commonwealth. And, at the moment, we're not doing anything like all that. It is true that we're paying for what we buy abroad by what we sell abroad, but I have to report with regret that in every other respect the picture is a dismal one. Last year, British output fell at a time when output in most European countries was going up. And the volume of our exports fell too, for the first time since the war.

I don't want to exaggerate. Things are nothing like so bad as they were in the bad old days of tory rule before the last war. But you see, that's not enough. The great question is: are things getting better? Do they look like going on getting better? Frankly, they don't. We are marking time, and Britain today just cannot afford to mark time. Indeed, we must ask ourselves if we can hold on to what we've got. Well, can we? No reasonable person wants to get into a panic. But no reasonable person can blind himself to the fact that we have not yet built an economy capable of standing up to the problems of tomorrow.

We all know by now that most of the raw materials of our industries and half our food come from abroad. We all know that they are paid for by the goods we export. That spread of basic knowledge is one of the fruits of the educational work of the Labour Government. But it is important to remember, too, that we keep on having to pay more and more for all that we buy abroad. The world's population and the world's buying power are growing faster than its food production is increasing. By the end of this broadcast, there'll be nearly 800 more people in the world than there were when I began. Every day there are 95,000 extra mouths to feed in the world: 55,000 extra mouths competing for almost the same amount of food. So prices go up. And the same thing is happening in the raw materials. New industries are springing up all over the world, much faster than the supplies of the raw materials they consume. So we may have to pay more for our raw materials.

We've got to find ways and means of producing still more of our food at home, and of our raw materials, if our scientists can develop them. These are the problems of tomorrow: urgent problems. Today, the gold reserves of the whole Commonwealth are enough to pay for only ten weeks' imports for Britain herself. If Britain

or the Commonwealth were to start tomorrow to buy more than usual from the United States, or if Commonwealth products were to sell only a little less readily—then a new and serious crisis might be upon us, in no time at all.

We are living on an economic knife edge. So we need to build a bold and imaginative plan to get food and raw materials from the Commonwealth. There are Liberals and Conservatives who agree with us that that is the only way to solve our problems. Yet the Government's record over Commonwealth development is very disappointing—very. It's true that they've held two Commonwealth conferences. But the main thing that came out of the first one was unemployment here, and falling production in nearly all the Commonwealth countries. The second conference ended last December, but we've still been told almost nothing of what was decided.

Now that really isn't good enough. If modern democracies are to work, it is important that all governments tell the people what they're up to; then why on earth do ministers prefer to say nothing? If it's because they had no plan, then it's high time, if that is so, that they began thinking about one. If Britain is to be strong, if there must be changes in British industries, clearly that must follow. From now on, we have to produce more and produce cheaper. But above all, we must produce the goods that other people will buy. We can't go on making things that our fathers made just because our fathers made them. And what other countries most want is engineering goods. So we must be ready to make more of them—more for the Commonwealth, more for foreign countries, and more again to provide machinery for our own factories. And don't let us blink the fact that these changes will require sacrifices or inconveniences from everybody. That is inevitable. There's no easy way to build a strong and prosperous Britain. If more and more goods have to go for export—for Commonwealth development, for re-equipping our own factories, for mechanising our farms—then, make no mistake about it, there'll be fewer goods available for us at home. We shall have to do without something for the time being, because you can't eat your cake and export it. But we can ask that the sacrifice shall be fairly shared. The big changes we need can only be carried through if every citizen knows that the Government is treating all sections of the community with even-handed justice.

By that test, much of what the Government has done stands condemned. Handing steel back to private owners won't produce a single ton more. It may do the opposite. De-nationalising road transport won't give us cheaper or better transport. It may make it slower, and dearer.

And the Government has not been content with this. It is forcing the Transport Bill through by methods which are not consistent with the democratic rights and duties of the House of Commons. Last year the Government cut down the time for discussion of this important Bill, under what in parliament we call 'an allocation of time order'. The result was that a great deal of the Bill was never discussed by the House of Commons at all, and the job was left to the House of Lords. You can judge just how much was left to them if I tell you that the Lords, with their enormous

government majority, nevertheless made no fewer than seventy amendments to the Bill. And we've had to propose more amendments to those amendments.

But now the Conservative ministers have discovered some words in the original 'allocation of time order' which give them the right, or so they claim, to impose a new guillotine on the Lords' amendments. What they now propose is that after only four hours' debate on Monday,* the House of Commons should be compelled to vote without any further discussion and in one single vote, on all the amendments which have not then been reached, however important they may be. We believe that this is a constitutional scandal, and an outrage to democracy.

All this is going back on the orderly reconstruction that Labour began. We are going back or marking time when we should be pressing forward. Marking time with steel. Marking time with factories. And we're marking time on the land too. Under the Labour Government the production of our farms went up year by year, because farmers knew in advance what they would sell and at what prices. But today every farmer in Britain is alarmed at the tory threat of de-control, and uncertain about his future. That's not the way to get more home-produced food. And we're not getting it. The rise in agricultural production has stopped. The same with coal. Since Labour nationalised the mines in 1946, output of coal has risen on an average by over 5,000,000 tons each year. Last year, output rose by only 3,000,000 tons. And output per man fell, for the first time, since the war. So there we are—all along the line, marking time or falling back.

We believe it's the job of the Government to

stop this marking time, to get things moving again. But we don't imagine—we never have imagined—that governments can do everything. Nor do we think it's enough just to nationalise everything. No doubt there have been people in the Labour movement who saw nationalisation as a cure for all evils—people whose motto appears to be 'Here's a problem—so nationalise it'. But that has never been the Labour Party view, and there are not very many people who hold it now. Nationalisation can do wonders in the right cases. It can provide the machinery that can help us to solve our problems. It can provide the atmosphere in which a spirit of good-will and public service can grow—but it cannot provide that spirit alone and of itself.

And, you know, it's the spirit that counts. That's the big thing. It'll be no good building socialist institutions if we perpetuate the capitalist ethic, the capitalist outlook, the capitalist way of thinking—if we teach people to go on all the time saying 'What do I get out of it? What is there in it for me?' instead of saying 'What can I do? What can I give?' Selfishness won't do. I go further. I say it doesn't pay. One of the big jobs of our generation is to make everybody see that there's something worth while in doing a job for our country.

Now that's all pretty obvious in publicly owned industry. But isn't it true of private industry as well? How many people today still believe in the old idea that a man can do what he likes with his own, however much suffering he causes? Surely millions of people, outside as well as inside the Labour Party, believe that the use to which private industry is put must have a social justification. Surely we all believe now

in the need for public spirit, for co-operation, for good sense in dealings between management, workers, consumers, and the state. Yes, the state too. The state has very rapidly been learning to be the partner and helper of industry. It helps with research work, with advice on markets, and in ways of that kind. But it still has a lot to learn. Ministers and Members of Parliament, civil servants, members of public authorities, all must learn to explain what they are doing and why, and they must set out to learn something of the problems of industry and its language.

Well, that's how we see it. Produce more, produce cheaper, produce the right goods. Be ready to give up something now to put Britain and the Commonwealth on their feet; and, above all, teach the right spirit. In all this the British Labour movement must play its full part. It was Labour that wanted the new world, Labour that set out to create it. So it is for us too to take our share of the difficult and the sometimes unpopular task of teaching hard truths and hard ways. A great many Labour folk have been doing that for a long time, and I promise you that we'll go on.

And to my own friends in the Labour movement, I add this: the real revolution is the revolution in social morale. Make no mistake about that. Making plans and passing legislation is hard enough work, I know. I was deep in it as Leader of the House of Commons. But, you know, it was easy compared with the long job of changing the hearts and the minds of men. That is the revolution. It's our job, because nobody else will do it for us, and it's the most worthwhile job in the world today. Let's get on with it.

* Broadcast on April 25

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Central African Federation

Sir,—I have followed with great interest the talks (THE LISTENER, April 9) and subsequent correspondence on this subject. The liberal attitude of Mr. Peter Holm, who has lived all his life in southern Africa, is a good omen: he frankly allows for (and expects) the African to 'play a full part in the government of Central Africa'. I hope, therefore, my remarks are offered in a similar conciliatory spirit. Mr. Holm refers to the 'very liberal and fair policy' in Southern Rhodesia. I have lived for nine years in Southern Rhodesia and claim a number of African friends, but I cannot recall more than one (at the most) who favours federation. I believe many of us are sincerely following Mr. Holm's advice 'not to scoff . . . but to try to see these problems in their true light'. I think the discussions in both Houses show that. We agree that there are many potential advantages in federation: it is only reluctantly that some of us come to the conclusion that it would be morally wrong to proceed now.

May I take just one line of approach? Federation is advocated on the ground of economic advantage. Now the Commission of Enquiry that investigated the protection of secondary industries in Southern Rhodesia gave figures showing that the output per head was considerably lower than in any other Commonwealth country.

Two prime reasons were given for this. One, the working conditions for Africans in many industrial concerns together with the very low standard of housing and amenities in the loca-

tions. 'The conception of African urban life, as expressed not only in its architecture but also in the legislation that controls it, is that of providing boxes for machines or stables for draught beasts'. In 1949, Mr. MacNamee, investigating conditions for the Bulawayo City Council, reported: 'Labour drawn from these settlements cannot possibly be efficient and living under such conditions must unquestionably be a factor in the creation of a spirit of hopelessness. . . . And this spirit can early develop into mass disaffection'. Again, under the Urban Areas (Accommodation and Registration) Act of 1946 (as amended) no African can expect to make the town his permanent home—if he is not 'gainfully employed' he can be expelled even though he may have been born there and knows no other home.

The second reason is the colour bar. (I have tried to find a term that evokes less emotional feeling, but regret having failed.) The Pass Laws (a townsman may have to obtain up to fourteen different documents) have a pernicious effect, and the type of work in which Africans can be engaged in Southern Rhodesia is restricted. Even the Committee of Enquiry referred to said this is opposed to the interests of Europeans and native workers, but the recommendation has received scant support and many Africans are driven to frustration because they may not engage in work for which they are fitted and, in some cases, can do better than their European foremen or employers. Summing up the position, Boris Gussman states: 'No further improvement can be expected . . . until the social

conditions of life are improved and the African is recognised by those who administer his day-to-day affairs as a *human being*'.

It is this last phrase that attracted my attention: it stands out boldly in Mr. Holm's letter and in the Report on Industrial Efficiency.

Dare we, then, go forward with federation unless (1) the African is allowed freedom to fill posts for which he becomes fitted, (2) his living and working conditions are greatly improved, and (3) he has security of tenure? In a word, until there is a partnership of 'human beings'?

I feel sure Mr. Holm will understand our hesitancy.

Birmingham, 29

Yours, etc.,

ERIC G. WYATT

Greenland in the Modern World

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Geoffrey Williamson, is the first dissenter I have found to the view, expressed in my broadcast talk 'Greenland in the Modern World', that 'it would be wrong to expect either economic or political independence for the people of Greenland'.

Neither has he, any more than I, been able to show how the Greenlanders are to bridge the vast gap which exists between the colony's income and expenditure, and so attain economic independence. It will certainly not be by fishing as long as many of the fishermen are content to work only when their larder is bare, and as long as the packed fish has to be collected from eighty different stations up and down the coast, before ever it begins its journey south. Centralisation of

the population and the fishing is a possible partial solution which I had no time to discuss in my talk.

I have no wish to be unfair to the Greenlanders and there certainly are those who, under Danish guidance, have taken on vastly different occupations from their fathers in the public services of the communities in which they live. These are the ones whom the traveller meets first and the impression they make may blind the eye to the mass of hunter-fisher folk, who, in their small huts and shanties, are, I repeat, primitive and largely uneducated.

But the main point is that none of these new public services brings money into the country, and until the answer can be found to that problem it is merely idealistic to expect that 'the decade may well see Greenland taking its place as a happy and prosperous member of the family of nations'.

Yours, etc.,

Worthing

MARJORIE C. FINDLAY

The Revolt of the Children

Sir.—Manya Harari does not mention some significant factors in her poignant comment on the malaise of our civilisation (*THE LISTENER*, April 23). She tells us that fifty years ago life *in itself* was valued as a gift. I doubt it. The hymns then sung with conviction make it appear, rather, that life on earth was rejected as a 'vale of tears'. It was the hereafter that counted; the significance of human birth was that through it an immortal soul was created. Parents drew their assurance from this. Today few, even of religious people, are absolutely certain of life after death. Man finds himself, accordingly, in a new perspective which sharpens the impact of frustration and failure. It, furthermore, heightens his responsibility for his here-and-now behaviour. This terrifies him into flight and despair.

He is further weakened by the decline in national assurance and purpose. Fifty years ago we, as a nation, had a clear purpose and sense of direction. Rightly or wrongly we gloried in it and gained individual and communal strength from it. Today no purpose is given us at the national level except that of mere survival, which is wholly inadequate to touch the deep creative yearnings of man. Even at the day-to-day level of continuing achievement many are shut out from a sense of involvement in whatever activities are going forward.

Again, modern man is lost and lonely, his community has disintegrated. Self-confidence in parenthood, 'perfect and successful love', and a sense of personal worth all require a proper setting of relatedness with others. This today is lacking. The comparatively isolated home produces the comparatively isolated individual who because he is unrelated and uncommitted, feels worthless and guilty and sees life as nothing but 'absurd, boring, unnecessary, nauseous'.

Manya Harari would probably not disagree with this. But she seems nearly hopeless for any solution of our wasting. I would suggest, however, that we are in a position deliberately to act to reverse current trends, not by regimenting life, the false solution of the dictators, but by clarifying our purposes at the same time as recapturing community through the transformation of our schools, factories, and other representative institutions where persons live and work together. Our modern job is to put in new foundations for man's sense of commitment and significance and so for his *joie de vivre*. Such renewal of involvement is needed by both the 'religious' and the 'humanist' sections of our society as comparative figures for crime, neurosis, and suicide show quite plainly; it is needed by the creative artist as much as by the ordinary run of men; by the individual as well

as by the group, for it is a fundamental condition of human effectiveness and satisfaction in life.—Yours, etc.,

Isleworth

JAMES HEMMING

Sir,—Manya Harari's talk, 'The Revolt of the Children' has confirmed two long-standing suspicions of mine. (a) That the introspective intellectual is perhaps, of all species, the least capable of an adult adaptation to his environment. (b) That the present cult of guilt neurosis is even more deadly and obnoxious than the bouts of religious persecution that plagued former centuries.

I can only express my sympathy with English parents who find the platitudes of women's magazines more healthy than the morbid analysis of Freud and the philosophical dictums of Sartre.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

JOHN SMITH

Psychology and Religion

Sir.—The talk by R. J. Z. Werblowsky (*THE LISTENER*, April 23), leads straight to the question: how can a religion be provided for an agnostic or an atheist?

There must be many today who would turn round the author's remark that 'it would be just as foolish and unscientific to conclude that there is no god from the fact that there is very certainly an idea of god . . .' by leaving out the word 'no' and finishing, for instance, with ' . . . as it would be to believe that the moon is made of silver—or green cheese—because sometimes it looks as if it were'. Nevertheless, some at least of those who cannot believe in any religion realise only too well their need for religion, to help them to become 'integrated' persons.

Where do we go from here? The only basis for religion for the agnostic which occurs to me is some kind of worship of the evolutionary process. But how can this be presented in a form capable of fulfilling the healing function which has hitherto belonged exclusively to revealed religion? Or is there some other solution?

Yours, etc.,

Westbury-on-Trym

R. H. GUNN

The Cult of Evil

Sir.—Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones in his talk on 'The Cult of Evil' (*THE LISTENER*, April 16) wonders whether the insistence upon evil in present-day imaginative writing is 'not a consequence of reluctance to admit the reality of sin'. A man is presumably unaware of the 'reality of sin' when he ceases to wonder at evil, when he stops questioning whether there can be any moral course by which he can guide himself, when he is unaware, in Mr. Pryce-Jones' own words, of 'the antinomy of good and bad'. That the position of Maurice in Greene's *The End of the Affair* and *Mathieu* in Sartre's *Age of Reason* depends for its validity in each case upon the awareness of the height from which the fall has taken place would seem to go against Mr. Pryce-Jones' thesis.

Can Huxley's *Devils of Loudun* be said to portray an unawareness of the reality of sin any more than Orwell's continued pleas for justice could be said to show an unawareness of a definite standard of justice and the good? Can Tennessee Williams either in *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* or in his plays be said to be reluctant to admit the strangeness of the depravity towards which his characters move any more than the writers portrayed in Wilson's *Hemlock and After* and Moravia's *Conjugal Love* can be said to be reluctant to admit that their weaknesses presuppose a strength of character of which they believe themselves

capable and in virtue of which their deficiencies have a terrifying reality?

It is true that present-day writers show us man away from his usual moral background, but just as one who is out of his depth is very much aware that dry land exists, so we may surely say that the writer who shows us men in circumstances where they can no longer use their usual criteria in aiming at virtue is completely aware and ready to admit the existence of both normality and virtue and their opposites.

Yours, etc.,
J. G. OWEN
Cardiff

The Understanding of Poetry

Sir.—Mr. Startup's translation of

Was im eigentlichsten und schärfsten Verstande erfunden wird, ist für die menschliche Gesellschaft nur selten wirklich nützlich

as

What, in the truest and strictest sense of the word, is invented is only seldom of any real use to mankind

was entirely correct. Miss Elizabeth Hubbard's translation, intended to improve on the above,

That which is discovered through the exercise of pure and acutest reason is only seldom really useful to mankind

is based on spurious arguments and therefore wrong in essential points.

(1) Though the noun '*Verstand*' certainly means 'reason', 'intellect', the expression '*im Verstande [von]*' is not, as Miss Hubbard would have it, a local or causal, but a conditional ablative, by now slightly archaic and usually replaced by '*im Sinne [von]*'—'in the sense [of]'. Conversely, were Miss Hubbard's meaning the right one, the preposition '*im*' in the text would be out of place. It should be '*vom*' [*Verstande*] or '*durch den*' [*Verstand*].

(2) Of the adjectives qualifying '*Verstand*', '*scharf*' supports either interpretation of the noun, but '*eigentlich*' only Mr. Kirkup's and mine. Miss Hubbard's 'pure' is a weak rendering of the superlative to a positive degree which intrinsically denotes qualification: '*eigentlich*' means 'particular, peculiar, germane'.

(3) To circumvent her difficulties, Miss Hubbard blandly asserts that "*Erfunden*", when applied to "reason", seems to mean "discovered". It never does. 'To discover' is '*entdecken*'. '*Erfinden*' is the intensive form of '*finden*', 'to find', and as such has, I admit, an etymological history which would lend itself to Miss Hubbard's interpretation. But by the time the sentence in question was written '*erfinden*' meant nothing else than 'to invent'. The whole point of the aphorism is to show us, through an over-emphasis on the verb '*erfinden*' which startles us into remembering its long-forgotten history, how much of a 'discovery' is contained in every invention properly called so.

Yours, etc.,
PAUL HAMBURGER
London, N.6

Ian Mackay, whose death last October robbed Fleet Street of one of its bright particular stars, was not only a first-class journalist: he was also a diarist and essayist. More than seventy of his essays now appear in *The Real Mackay*, edited by Stanley Baron, with illustrations by Vicky and a profile by R. J. Cruickshank (*News Chronicle* Publications, 4s. 6d.). The collection is representative of Mackay's many-sidedness, and one of the characteristics of his writing, in addition to its richness and humour, is, in Mr. Cruickshank's words, 'the all-embracing charity' with which it is informed. Another publication is the new edition of the selected works of Edith Wharton which comes from John Lehmann Ltd. The first two titles, now ready, are *The House of Mirth* and *The Age of Innocence*. There are introductory notes by Francis Wyndham and the volumes cost 12s. 6d. each.

The Post-war Novel in Russia

By HELEN RAPP

RUSSIA has long been familiar with the demand that literature should serve a definite social purpose. The great literary critic, Vissarion Belinsky, who first raised this cry died in 1848; but the echo of his voice sounded in rising volume through the remainder of the century. By 1869 Saltykov-Shchedrin, the famous satirist, was able to state dogmatically: 'Literature and propaganda are one and the same thing'. Fourteen years earlier the thinker Chernyshevsky had already formulated a sort of *Ars Poetica* for the school of applied art that was to develop during the second half of the nineteenth century. He did this in a thesis entitled *The Aesthetic Relationship of Art to Reality*, in which he demanded that art should be a manual of life to men. Belinsky used his literary articles to impart his hopes and beliefs to his readers—Chernyshevsky furnished the theoretical justification for this use of the literary vehicle. He came out with it in 1855; less than ten years later he was already in Siberia. And that, probably, is the explanation. The Tsarist government was such that literature was the only means of protest left.

Preoccupation with Problems of the Day

From 1825 onwards literature was the only channel for the communication of new ideas; a few decades later the intelligentsia, chafing under imperial autocracy and censorship, had little time left for any writer who was not preoccupied with burning problems of the day. Literature became the teacher, the moraliser, and it was as such that through Maxim Gorky it has been taken over by the socialist-realists of today. I cannot discuss shadings or exceptions but, by and large, it is true to say that Russian writing after Pushkin was—and still is—expected to be preoccupied with the questions of the day. All Russia's foremost writers, including even the Symbolists, were forced to respond to them in one way or another. Finally, politics and poetry became explicitly merged in the works of the revolutionary poet, Vladimir Mayakovsky.

The main difference between pre-revolutionary and post-war Russian writing is that the one satirised, exposed, protested (or simply portrayed the unbalanced and unjust *status quo*), whereas the other affirms, extols, praises. It is the difference between knowing all the questions and being animated by burning hope, and knowing all the answers and being driven by fierce determination; between seeking to achieve, and striving to preserve. It is, unfortunately, also the difference between the high creative achievement of the mind in revolt and the indifferent output of the mind which supports and agrees—a phenomenon we all know too well from the brilliance of our political writers when they are in opposition and their comparative lameness when their party has had the bad luck of being elected.

Russian nineteenth-century realism reacted to the problems of the day in many ways. It exposed the evils of serfdom, in the works of Turgenev, Herzen, and Grigorovich; the evils of the bureaucracy found their castigator in Saltykov-Shchedrin; the backwardness and ignorance of the merchant class were dragged to the light by the playwright Ostrovsky. And the enforced inactivity of the intelligentsia found its expression in the superfluous men of Turgenev, Goncharov, and Chekhov. The creative writer stated, and the analytical writer, the critic, examined, drew conclusions, and moralised.

What they had in common was the underlying feeling of dissatisfaction and a longing for an ideal. It is this unceasing search for an answer, this straining towards an invisible and often quite nebulously imagined future, that gave Russian nineteenth-century literature its peculiar character, because it was wonderfully implied and expressed in terms of the immediate past and present. If I may define nostalgia as a longing for what is past, then the absorbing flavour of Russian nineteenth-century writing is its curious nostalgia for the future: a very contradictory and supremely human heartache.

The Russia of our age has no time for this. Three years ago the Soviet poet Surkov, while on a visit to this country, was asked to define socialist realism. 'The difference', he said, 'between the realism of the nineteenth century and that of revolutionary Russia lies in the fact that whereas Tolstoy and Dostoevsky called back, Soviet literature calls

forward. We have broken a breach in the wall of the future and we feel the wind of the future on our faces'. In the spirit of Chernyshevsky, the socialist realism of today continues to teach, but with the difference that it does so not by implication or exposure or disapproval but by the most unambiguous statement of what life should be.

Collective Effort as Hero

In post-war Soviet writing—and I have confined myself largely to Stalin prize-winning novels (there are Soviet writings which do not fit into what I am going to say) man and his work are extolled. It is almost true to say that the heroes of these recent novels are not people but their collective efforts which grow towards achievement against many odds throughout the book, much as the hero of traditional epic gains steadily in stature with every feat and every dragon slain. A *kolkhoz*, a factory, a collective faced with the task of laying a pipeline in the ice-bound east of Siberia are examples.

Azhaiev (who wrote the book about the Siberian pipeline) makes his main character, Kovshov, say: 'I am convinced that our pipeline is a worthier object of literature than all the beauties of the primeval *Taiga*. I want to read about it in books. Let everyone see how difficult it is for man to advance into nature: literature without man, with plants and birds only, is not literature but phenology'. The book is called *Far From Moscow*, and another of its characters says, with the same forthrightness, that private life is far less important than work. For the sake of achieving the target of the given collective the individual is expected to dedicate himself or herself entirely to his allotted work. Only those who do are rewarded with a glimpse of private happiness. The hero is allowed such a brief moment with his wife in Moscow after a bitter winter in Siberia and an almost superhuman effort of work in blizzards and frosts that can maim. No attempt is made to underrate the hard life of the people struggling to lay that pipeline in Russia's far east. At night ice covers the walls of their quarters. A cup of hot coffee is a real reward and an incentive to those who overfulfil their quota. A few hours' sleep is all they are permitted while the job is on. From the western point of view all this sounds very much like slave labour. What Azhaiev's book suggests, however, is that here is a heroic effort, almost an exploit, for the sake of the country and everybody's future happiness. It is for this sort of effort that contemporary Soviet writing calls upon the Russians to steel themselves, to postpone all small pleasures, and to derive happiness from a sense of duty well done.

Anyone with a desire for personal happiness, for a home of their own, anyone who allows himself to forget his work for private reasons, anyone working for personal gain is at once labelled petty bourgeois. *Meshchanstvo* is the Russian word for it—and its use as a term of utter contempt and abuse is another feature which today's Soviet writers share with their nineteenth-century predecessors. One of Azhaiev's characters says: 'The frightening power of the petty bourgeois attitude is to be found in particular in its despicable longing for peace and inactivity'. Here the essential similarity is well maintained: both nineteenth-century polemicists and Soviet propagandists condemn the petty bourgeois for the same faults: lack of self-sacrifice to the immediate or distant ideal, the putting of personal before communal values, the introspective pursuit of abstract truths rather than devotion to the immediate improvement of social reality.

Admiration of the Simple Life

The post-war Soviet writers hold that the simple life, its amenities reduced to a bare minimum, is what should suffice. Simple life, simple food, simplicity of dress. Whenever they describe anyone as 'smart' there is a subtle suggestion that he is not wholly good. In Yuri Trifonov's novel, *The Students*, Sergei Palavin first appears dressed in a cream-coloured suit and white sandals. He looks festive, but his school friend at once thinks: 'Ah, he always was a bit of a dandy'. And Palavin is later shown to be a careerist, none too scrupulous in his

relations with women, who is finally brought back to the right path by the criticism and ostracism of his fellow students. A truly good Soviet man has no time or inclination for such trifles. His life is severe and stern. The Russian word *surovy*, which has about the meaning of the English 'stern', is used frequently: stern life, stern love, stern expression, stern furrows on a young man's brow.

Victory to the Young

Only those who are young in body or spirit can cope with this sort of life, and the impression one gathers from recent Soviet novels is that the young are encouraged by literature to put to the test their knowledge and prowess, and that in the end it is the young who win. In Azhaiev's novel a young and relatively inexperienced engineer sets the good example of how to work and live to the old and experienced engineer Topolev. In Trifonov's book the students criticise and bring about the downfall of Professor Kozel'sky, a scholar of some repute who has, however, 'formalist' tendencies. In one of the stories of Vera Panova, the young factory girl, Lidochka, because she has a wonderful capacity to work almost like a faultless machine, can dictate to the factory manager as to how work should be organised around her. Russia, in fact, is a country of the young as she was in the last century. The list of those men of literature who left their mark on the history of Russian thought and art but died before the age of forty-five is long: the poets Griboyedov, Pushkin, Lermontov, the critics and thinkers Stankevich, Belinsky, Maikov, Dobrolyubov, Pisarev—to mention but a few. In the nineteenth century, too, revolts by students against professors whom they found politically unacceptable were frequent occurrences, with the major difference that these were ultimately revolts against the state.

What present-day Soviet literature does is to preach the unrelenting collective effort as the great aim, the subduing of the obstacles of nature inside man and about him as the chief task, and the pre-eminent fitness of youth, with its energy and enthusiasm, to meet this call. The young may err but collective criticism will put them right. To united endeavour all difficulties will yield. Someone in Azhaiev's book says: 'Science combined with Russian good sense is a powerful force'. With science, enthusiasm, and complete absorption in her work the champion dairymaid coaxes fifty-two litres of milk out of her cow—not for the fame it brings her but to help her *kolkhoz* achieve its target.

It is surely hardly surprising that this approach yields writing which is barren of linguistic brilliance, devoid of allusions, symbols, knowing no groping beyond or below the level of the plain conscious. Words are used with sparing economy, powerfully enough to evoke the tense excitement of some technical feat but without any inclination to describe a scene or emotion for its own sake. Descriptions of nature, especially, are rare, for nature exists only in as far as she obstructs or obeys man. Here is how Azhaiev describes a Siberian landscape: 'A huge orange moon was rising beyond the Adun. It hung over the river, and everything around acquired a strangely wonderful colouring—black and peaceful hills, the incline of the river bank covered with a fanciful shadow, the ice of the Adun stretching into the distance pale blue and sparkling like snow'. Two men stand there watching the scene, and one of them says: '"Yes, this is beautiful".' And the other retorts: '"What is beautiful in this? This has been repeated here probably for millions of years . . . I did not ask you here to admire this. Wait a minute!"' And as if his words threw some invisible switch, in a moment lights were turned on, one chain of them along the shore, the other along the work-site on the ice-bound Adun. Bright and daring, they eclipsed the timid light of the moon and stars'.

Nove's Reminiscent of Film-Scenarios

I have already outlined the basic difference between nineteenth-century and post-war Russian writing. It can be expressed in another way: there is considerable variety in opposition, but there is monotony in support. The heroes of the Soviet novels share in various degrees the same narrow range of good qualities: honesty, sincerity, ability to work almost to exhaustion, dedication to duty, sternness of character, self-discipline. The novels, with their effective use of dialogue as a medium of action, are somewhat reminiscent of film-scenarios. So is the standard 'plot': the chronological description of some project from its beginning and through its development to the climax where all obstacles are overcome and the book ends. One of the difficulties for Soviet writers, of course, is the creating of what the Russians call 'positive characters'. It is surely a truism in literary art that virtue or perfection make far

worse models than vice or plain blundering humanity. The nineteenth century in Russia made several attempts at creating a 'positive' hero, but they always fell flat. Goncharov's positive men and Turgenev's Solomin are generally regarded as unconvincing and stilted. Tolstoy's positive characters appeal to us not as embodiments of an answer but in the sincerity of their questioning. Only Dostoevsky's Prince Myshkin rings true—but then he was also an idiot.

The apotheosis of human effort in the contemporary Soviet novel is a development of the larger humanism of the nineteenth century trimmed and narrowed by Gorky. Trifonov today expressly echoes the very words of Gorky when he makes hero Vadim say: 'The most important thing is faith in men'. Faith, however, is placed only in those who qualify, and the development of a Soviet novel is also a process of sifting out faulty human material, to be either led up to the high standard if only uncertain or wavering, or discarded if bad and corrupt.

Any consideration of the contemporary Soviet novel is possible only from the historical or sociological approach. The aesthetic enquirer will find no reward. The seed sown by Belinsky bore its magnificent flowers in the pre-revolutionary spring—the post-war literary scene in Russia is, if I may continue the metaphor, an autumn of fruit which may well have some food value but offers little to the eye. One feels that the Soviet novelists' detailed exploration of various aspects of Russian life: a *kolkhoz*, the opening up of the Far East, the life of students, will as little outlast their day as did the similar essays into ethnography of their elders. Nekrasov's Physiology of Petersburg, Grigorovich's investigations into the life and customs of organ-grinders, Dal's short ethnographical studies—what are they now but footnotes to the history of literature?

The Soviet novel has ceased to be an art form. It has become what Chernyshevsky a hundred years ago hoped it would be: a manual of life to men. But what it teaches is worth examining if one wishes better to understand the Russian point of view. Its constant insistence on an extremely high level of effort and achievement, seen in the light of the vast public it reaches, makes it an important factor in assessing the mind and outlook of our Russian contemporaries. It is all too easy to make fun of a dairymaid whose life centres on one rather superb-ovine cow, but one can sense a great deal of poetry in this human abandonment to work, and one can certainly lose any inclination to underrate the degree of fanatic perseverance and idealism on the other side of the curtain.—*Third Programme*

Dethronement

With pain pressing so close about your heart,
Stand (it behoves you), head uncovered,
To watch how she enacts her transformations—
Bitch, vixen, sow—the laughing, naked queen
Who has now dethroned you.

Hymns to her beauty or to her mercy
Would be ill-conceived. Your royal anguish
Is all that she requires. You, turned to stone,
May not speak nor groan, will stare dumbly,
Grinning dismay.

But as the play ends, or in its after-hush,
O then, deluded, flee! Her red-eared hounds
Scramble upon your track; past either cheek
Swan-feathered arrows whistle, or cruelly comb
Long furrows in your scalp.

Run, though you hope for nothing: to stay your foot
Would be ingratitude, a sour denial
That the life she bestowed was sweet.
Therefore be fleet, run gasping, draw the chase
Up the grand defile.

They will rend you to rags assuredly
With half a hundred love-bites—
Your hot blood an acceptable libation
Poured to Persephone, in whose demesne
You shall again find peace.

ROBERT GRAVES

Gardening

Flowers for the Summer

By F. H. STREETER

BEGONIAS are among the easiest plants to grow, and to see a bed of them in full flower all through the summer is a real joy. They make a pretty window box as well, if you will only look after them. If you have to buy the bulbs, I am afraid you will think they are queer-looking things. You can hardly tell the top from the bottom—in fact, they are often put in upside down and then you wonder what is wrong. But it is usually true to say that if you keep the hollow side upwards they are right. These flowers are especially brilliant in the north.

It is best to start them in seed boxes filled with three parts leaf soil and sand and just a little loam to give it a bite. Twelve in an ordinary box is plenty as they make a lot of root, so do not overcrowd. Shade them with a sheet of paper until you see the little pink shoots appearing, and never let them get dry. The fibrous-rooted varieties of begonia are raised annually from seed; these are now just right for pricking out. They make good pot plants flowering right up to Christmas.

Next, it is time to plant the old dahlia tubers, the plants you had last season and wintered in a frost-proof shed. Many of them are better parted: do not plant them the size you dug them up last autumn, as they would be unwieldy in a small garden. Split them up. That means pulling them apart, making sure that you have a good crown at the foot of the old dead stem with three or four tubers intact; remember the tubers are no good singly, on their own. To plant dahlias, dig a big hole and put some manure in the bottom, cover with a little fine soil, and on this place your dahlia, five or six inches deep.

Make the soil firm. It will pay you to put the stake in position, too, as it is much easier to do this with no growth about—and do not forget to label them. This treatment is for the old dormant tubers. Do not mix these with young plants growing in pots; you must not plant these out yet awhile, whatever you do.

Have you ever tried a bed of *Dianthus Allwoodii*? Just think of this flower as an edging, two or three rows with the plants staggered at twelve inches apart. You will get thousands of flowers, and what a show! They do not require much in the way of soil. Dig it well and add a little lime, four ounces to the yard; and, better still, dig in a nice lot of mortar rubble all crushed up—*Allwoodii* love this. I should get young plants in pots now, though of course you can easily raise them from a packet of seed.

For those who want a really fine show, why not try a bed of *Lobelia cardinalis* with about three or five *Hydrangea paniculata* planted as dots? This *Lobelia cardinalis* is a tall red flower with spikes three feet high. It is nothing like the lobelia we all know so well, and it goes on year after year. But just a word of warning: it is better to lift the plants in the autumn in cold districts or on heavy clay, and store them in boxes of light soil in a cold frame; or they will keep safely in a shed. Where you have already done this, now is the time to lift them out, divide into smaller pieces and plant one foot apart.

If you need a white plant next to the grass edging use *Alyssum maritimum*. This combination never fails to attract. You can raise the lobelia from seed; it germinates quite easily.—*Home Service*



Above: *Lobelia cardinalis* 'The Test'—a tall red flower with spikes three feet high



Left: *Begonia* 'Exquisite', one of the fibrous-rooted varieties raised annually from seed

Right: *Dianthus Allwoodii* 'Bridget'—think of this flower as an edging, two or three rows with the plants staggered at twelve inches apart'



Art

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

THE exhibition of Michelangelo's drawings at the British Museum is worthy of its occasion: the publication of Professor Wilde's catalogue*; it would be hard to find more enthusiastic terms in which to commend it or a more moving and striking spectacle than that which is now offered to the public. The spectator is hardly likely to be astonished by that which he sees (unless it be by the range and variety of this master's work) for the drawings, no less than the paintings, the sculpture, and the architecture of Michelangelo have become the common property and the familiar quotations of European culture. We are able, therefore, to enjoy the nice pleasure of expected amazement: a thrill such as we might experience if we were able to listen to Shakespeare giving a reading from 'Hamlet'. The difficulty is to attempt to find anything new to say or to conjecture where so much scholarship and thought have already been bestowed. Nevertheless, with the recent exhibitions of drawings by Leonardo and by Rembrandt fresh in memory, it may be useful truthfully to admit that Michelangelo is not one of those artists who are easily understood; or, rather, that at times he seems to demand, not only that power of receptiveness which is indispensable to the understanding of any work of art, but also a special predisposition of the mind. There is, to be sure, much that requires no spiritual redeployment on the part of the spectator, drawings which impress us as directly and forcefully as do the flowers of Leonardo or the Rabbis of Rembrandt, drawings which are, quite simply, superb observations of nature. But there are others in which the master seems to fumble (I can find no other word for it) for well-nigh inexpressible sublimities. In Rembrandt's drawings, whatsoever the immensity of his underlying passion, the model, as seen at a particular moment by the artist, remains intact with all his individual peculiarities, and the drama is stated within the terms of observed facts. In the subject drawings of Michelangelo the particular is obliterated by the general; it is not a man but Man who confronts us, the species being generalised to a point at which even the sex is ambiguous. In fine, the artist takes us to the borders of what is possible in visual art and, as it may seem to some observers, he sacrifices too much in the attempt. It would, at all events, appear that he demands a very high degree of sympathetic co-operation.

No rhapsodies or injudicious speculations will be provoked by the Arts Council Exhibition of 'Early English Landscapes from Colonel Grant's Collection'. There is precious little *terribilità* about Michael Angelo Rooke, A.R.A. Seated in the centre of the large room in the New Burlington Galleries one is deeply affected by the prevailing spirit of repose. Nature, the decorous nature of Claude Lorraine without Claude's disturbing touch of genius, is here represented in placid streams, appropriately ruined abbeys, and well-conducted waterfalls. These are, for the most part, the minor artists of the eighteenth century. But how good they are; what a sound yeoman stock it was that produced Constable and Turner! Everywhere there is good painter-like work. Look, for instance, at William Hodge's 'Welch Bridge' or James Inskip's 'Street in Venice' (one could name dozens of others)

and consider how these humbler painters tower over the landscape artists of the generation that followed Turner. The exhibition of Mr. John Carr-Doughty's collection of Ballet designs in the same gallery contains some pleasant work by distinguished artists, and will no doubt be of interest to balletomanes.

At the Marlborough Gallery there is an exhibition of portraits by contemporary British artists which should on no account be missed. In it a courageous attempt has been made to show the public that the

fashionable portrait painter is not only a disgusting but an unnecessary phenomenon. 'There is really very much more chance of getting a genuine likeness, and not a debased idealisation, from a serious artist than from anyone else', writes Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock in the preface to the catalogue. It is pleasant, incidentally, to have the chance of saluting in him the best of our art critics. The truth of his assertion may be assessed by an inferential examination of the exhibits. Personally, I am certain that he is right. It is true that there are some exhibitors who, clearly, have failed to achieve that difficult synthesis of characterisation and form which is necessary for a good portrait. Mr. Patrick George has painted a picture which is well enough, but which it is difficult to accept as a likeness; Rodrigo Moynihan displays the character of his sitters but fails, somehow, to embody them satisfactorily in his compositions. But the positive achievements are numerous. William Coldstream, in his portrait of the Earl Jowitt, shows to what a very high altitude a conscientious modern portrait painter may aspire and, in his picture of the Rev. C. B. Canning—a subject the austerity of which is more nearly in accord with his genius—has realised his aims and produced a great work of art. Lawrence Gowing's portrait of 'Miss S. of Winlaton Mill' has the strength and the authority to stand beside the Coldstream. There are two paintings by Claude Rogers, both very successful in their very different ways. The portrait of Professor Tawney is a masterpiece of

vigorous, well-constructed linear composition, that of Countess Natalie Benckendorf uses tone and colour charmingly to produce the same effect of solidity and perfect understanding of forms; this is, indeed, an almost miraculously happy marriage between sheer prettiness and the highest aesthetic integrity. The same exhibition contains a brilliantly clever head by Ruskin Spear, and portraits by Lucian Freud, Robert Buhler, and others. Prizes have been properly awarded to four young artists, the first prize being given for a very conscientious and sensitive study by Mr. Roger Marriott Coleman.

The paintings by M. André Minaux at the Adams Gallery, now at 24 Davies Street, are well worth a visit. M. Minaux is a young painter with a gift for strong, competent drawing and for subtleties of colour to which the fluorescent lighting of the gallery hardly does justice. He has that taste for violent and aggressive contours which is characteristic of much modern painting. But, instead of finding these in memories of Picasso, he discovers them in nature and, given a good start by his subject, can produce extremely fine results. He is a young man whose further development may be awaited with expectant interest.



'Seated Nude Man Turning Away': from the exhibition of drawings by Michelangelo at the British Museum

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Rommel Papers. Edited by B. H. Liddell Hart, with the assistance of Lucie-Maria Rommel, Manfred Rommel, and General Fritz Bayerlein. Translated by Paul Findlay. Collins. 25s.

ROMMEL LEFT BEHIND HIM a great many papers, some finished writings, some rough, some only collections of documents. Certain of them were lost, though some, given up for lost, were recovered. This involved a lot of extra work for the editors. A further call was made upon them because Rommel did not undertake a narrative of the winter campaign of 1941-42. This has been written by General Bayerlein, who then served under him. Rommel's errors of fact, which naturally are for the most part about the strength or armament of opposing forces, are corrected in notes, generally by Captain Liddell Hart. This editorial task is well accomplished, even if the chief editor perhaps overdoes the preaching of 'indirect approach'.

The best part of the collection is Rommel's account of the war in Africa, which has already been published (with General Bayerlein's chapter) in Germany. Rommel was a vivid writer. He accomplishes the unusual feat of making tactics clear to the general reader and not allowing them to detract from the excitement of the narrative. Usually, in books addressed to a lay public tactics are left out as likely to be boring, and consequently these books are of small value to the military reader. Rommel wrote to provide material for the book which he would, had he lived, have written after the war. He had thus no check on accuracy, certainly none from the opposing side. In these circumstances, though he often enough exaggerates the strength of his enemy, his narrative is remarkably correct.

One reason why the African section is the best is that Rommel shone particularly in command of a small army. He wanted to see everything himself and to control every detail. He lived in the battle. Since he possessed genius and a wonderful eye for fast-moving warfare, this paid big dividends. His style of fighting was not so well suited to an army group. It is doubtful whether he was as great a strategist as he was a tactician. Yet this book is a strong argument in confirmation of his military skill in the controversy about his place in history. It also establishes that his lack of supplies was at least as big a factor as had ever been supposed. In the retreat from Alamein he had to wait more than once for petrol enough to carry him back to his next position and leave him there with hardly any for fighting until the next pitance arrived. Like all Hitler's commanders, he was also hampered in his actions, though not so much as contemporary commanders in the main theatres or as he himself was hampered when he commanded in north-west Europe. 'We had continually', he writes, 'to circumvent orders from the Fuehrer or Duce in order to save the army from destruction'.

Rommel was in no sense 'anti-Nazi'. He accepted the Hitler regime without question. No moral reflections find place in his writings. When, however, he became certain that the war was lost and that the blind arrogance of Hitler would pile disaster on disaster, he gradually swung round to opposition. He knew nothing of the assassination plot, but he decided if possible to open negotiations with the British and Americans. He was wounded before he could attempt to put his project into effect, but

Hitler knew enough to force him into a secret suicide. Rommel had entertained a fallacious hope of a separate peace which would allow German energies to be devoted to holding the Russians. This was absurd on the face of it, but others better informed than he was indulged in it.

Struggle for Africa. By Vernon Bartlett. Muller. 15s.

The author admits disarmingly that this is not 'a book for the expert', but it is none the less welcome on that account. Based as it is on much reading, more talk, and three visits to different parts of Africa since 1945, it is fair, well informed and, by reason of the author's powers of observation and experience as a journalist, eminently readable. In describing the racial struggle for the second largest of the continents, Mr. Bartlett has had comparatively little to say of the Mediterranean strip if only because that belongs more to Asia than to Africa; but he has found plenty to say of the vast, thinly-peopled areas to the southward of the grim barrier of the Sahara in spite of the fact that this is 'a continent without a history'. Inevitably without a history because very few Africans had writing before the Arabs and Europeans came to give it to them, and the coming of the latter into the interior is at most a matter of the last two generations.

Nevertheless, in sketching just enough of that history to explain present-day conditions, the author never loses sight of the fact that African laws, customs, and way of life are often more suited to local conditions than ours. After all, the untutored heathen had survived in a hard country for ages before outsiders broke in to upset his scheme of things. What is more, he stands up for the African. Lazy he may be, but who would not be lazy in a land of dry or damp heat, a land scourged by the tsetse fly and riddled with parasitic diseases, a land in which custom often forbids men to eat as much meat as they would like? Imitative, naturally, and so keen to get European white-collar jobs that the majority of the 2,000 African students in the United Kingdom today are reading either law, medicine, or engineering in that order and scarcely any of them the agriculture and veterinary science on which the progress of their homelands depends. Irresponsible, maybe; thieves and liars, possibly; but remember how suddenly and drastically we have wrecked their scale of values. One fine quality, however, no one can deny the Africans, and that is their gift of laughing and smiling more than most. The 3,000,000 or so Europeans who are scattered over Darkest Africa can be thankful that the folk who outnumber them by nearly twenty-five to one are as a rule good-tempered.

Mr. Bartlett begins his odyssey in South Africa, of which he draws in the main a true picture. He gives successive governments credit for having raised the non-Europeans' standard of life and sees the good side of even the policy of *apartheid*, at all events, in theory; but he rightly insists that the present Nationalist administration is destroying those dark-skinned peoples' hope, self-respect, and faith in the white man.

Unlike most commentators, he is fair to the Indians who abound in all eastern Africa from Durban to Nairobi, and also to the Portuguese in Mozambique Province whose Africans like them because their unprogressive ways interfere less with their accustomed life than the pushful

policies of others. Again, he notes that while the autocratic Belgian rulers of the Congo give votes to no one, they do give Africans an open career in the economic field and, alone of rulers in Africa, are building up a black lower-middle class. Perhaps, some day, they may give to the inhabitants of their rich dependency something of the share in governance which the British are giving so lavishly, possibly even prematurely, to Negroes in West Africa, not so much in Nigeria, Sierra Leone, and Gambia as in the Gold Coast.

Of black republican Liberia the author has little good to say except that it is at last mending its manners towards the mass of indigenous Africans although it still demands that electors be of Negro blood. After a hurried glance at French West and North Africa, Libya, Egypt, the Sudan, and Abyssinia, he presses steadily southwards. He says some kindly words of the Kenya settlers and of the East African Commission which is trying to federate the British territories in those parts on the executive plane. He, further, says some possibly too kind words of the imminent Central African Federation, but he justly keeps his kindest words for the unofficial 'Capricorn' scheme which envisages the closer union of British East and Central Africa in a federation that shall have no colour bar and at last show an anxious world what 'partnership' really means.

Finally, the author gets near to giving his own interpretation by preaching the pure gospel of Lord Lugard, to the effect that while Africa belongs to the black folk the white folk cannot afford to let it lie fallow. But perhaps the best interpretation has already been given in practice by the old Cape Colony which pursued an egalitarian 'civilisation' policy for a full 100 years, and in theory by the late Dr. Aggrey the famous West African who used to teach that 'for harmony you must use both black and white'.

Honourable Company. By M. Bellasis. With a preface by Arthur Bryant. Hollis and Carter. 21s.

It was Bishop Stubbs who wrote that it was the historian's duty to show charity to 'erring and straying men', and Maitland who rather wickedly commented that the bishop erred and strayed 'in the most life-like manner'. Miss Bellasis does not err, except in some minute particulars that read like misprints, but stray she does. Though in this sense only, that her picture of India between Plassey and the Mutiny, based on the fortunes of members of her family who served there, is built out with episodes, the wreck of the *Grosvenor* or the career of the mercenary soldier George Thomas, 'Sumroo' or the Pindaris, unconnected directly with her central theme. Fortunately, however, it is all in the most 'life-like manner', with the result that her book makes most vivid and sympathetic reading. Two other points, and one is done with criticism. The remark (page 254) on poor old Meadows Taylor, himself so readable and alive and kindly, should be proved if it is to be believed, and would have appalled his admiring family. And the last page of all, the half-Cassandra predictions of the relapse of India to savagery on the withdrawal of the British legions, ends on a jarring note the story of an achievement that speaks for itself best.

For two good reasons, beyond the imagination and humanity of its writing, a book of this sort is particularly welcome. In the first place it is history from the angle of an individual family,

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than which no kind of history is more urgently called for. Our shelves bulge with pretentious analyses, retrospective dialectic, or biography tortured into modern psychology. But if history is to be true, it must take on a greater humility; it must come to earth, and build upwards from the plain words and daily routine of common or garden human beings. Then, again, if there is one portentous gap in our British-Indian history, it is the hiatus between Warren Hastings or, at the least, Wellesley, and the Mutiny. Much work has been done, it is true, on the early history of the Frontier and the Punjab, the Lawrence, Napier, and the Afghan wars; but on the far greater matter, and area, of Hindustan and India as a whole, hardly a thing, except Edward Thompson's remarkable life of Metcalfe, since the now very old material round Munro and Elphinstone. Yet this was the age when the British Government sunk roots that no mutiny could destroy. It was an age unfettered by telegraphic communication and democratic questioning, of remarkable individuals still free to make or mar, but disciplined now by the moral force of early Victorian England. It was also an age when the Indian States preserved their blazing colour, their fighting men and feudal loyalties, and tawdry domestic broils, and when trunk roads and railways had not yet planed away the nomads and criminal castes and universal turbulence of the east. The India of which Sleeman and Meadows Taylor knew so much, and Lord Macaulay so terribly little.

Miss Bellasis has touched the history of that most fascinating age at many corners, where the soldiers of her family made contact with it. They were a Bombay set, a presidency where life was more insular and isolated than in Bengal or upper India; its personnel were not so interesting, or its problems so arduous. Nor have her family papers, as far as here appears, given her very copious material. It is, then, a great tribute to her powers that the figures of these vanished Bellasisises come so very much alive. In them we find the *res durae* in their homes that drove them to the east; the immense courage, and years of endurance without hope of seeing England; their temptations, their desperate taking to the sword in the service of Indian princes, the shading away across all barriers of colour and race, so that the sons of a Berkshire parsonage or a Westmorland farm blend and dissolve into an oriental society. And, not least, the long voyages and the short lives of heroic English women, the children's graves in remote derelict cantonments, and the staunch blood spilled on that arid soil.

George Bass. By Keith Macrae Bowden. Oxford. 21s.

We are all familiar with the link between Boston and the early English settlements in America. But it is not so well known that the town and its neighbouring countryside played an important part in the foundation of Australia too. The names of some of these Lincolnshire pioneers are commemorated today by a tablet under the great tower of Boston church: Sir Joseph Banks of Revesby, Matthew Flinders of Donington, and George Bass, who was born at Aswarby and passed his boyhood in Boston itself. Banks and Flinders are both well remembered: but Bass survives only as a name, in the Bass Strait that separates Tasmania from the Australian mainland. Dr. Bowden here offers us the first biography of Bass that has been written. His narrative is simple and straightforward, based on a careful search of the available material, in Australia, in Britain, and in South America. It is not his fault that the book is brief and tells us nothing that is intimately revealing about Bass himself, for the records of his life are tantalisingly inadequate.

Bass was born in 1770. He qualified as a naval surgeon and in 1795 sailed out in H.M.S. *Reliance* to the newly founded colony of Botany Bay. Even before he left he had the fixed determination to explore the country. On board ship he fell in with Matthew Flinders, the master's mate, and the two became friends. Only seven weeks after they arrived in Australia they began their career of exploration together in a short voyage made in a tiny boat up the eastern coast of New South Wales. In 1796 and 1797 Bass made a journey in the Blue Mountains and another short voyage in which he confirmed the existence of coal in the southern part of the colony. Then in 1797-1799 came the two voyages on which his reputation rests. In the first—made in an open whale-boat with six sailors—he skirted the southern coast of what is now Victoria as far as Western Port Bay. His observations here led him to believe very strongly that Tasmania (or Van Diemen's Land, as it was then called) was not a peninsula but an island: and on his second voyage, accompanied by Flinders, he proved his theory correct by sailing round the whole of its coast.

The rest of his brief career is of less importance. He became involved in commercial projects for carrying out supplies from England to Australia and the Pacific, and on February 5, 1803, he set out from Sydney for South America in the brig *Venus*. Nothing was ever heard of him or his ship again. There were rumours that he was arrested and put to work in the mines of Peru, but they were no more than rumours, and on the evidence it is reasonable to accept Dr. Bowden's verdict that the *Venus* was probably lost at sea. The mysterious close of Bass' life is in keeping with the rest of it. He was a modest, intelligent, tough man—so much is clear: and it is just that his great discovery should perpetuate his name.

Eclipse of God

By Martin Buber. Gollancz. 15s.

Martin Buber is known to most readers by his "I and Thou", the pregnant poetical meditation on the nature of real communion, which has widely influenced the religious thought of this generation. The present book, which derives from lectures given at several American universities, is based on the same claim that the duality of I and Thou finds its fulfilment in the religious relationship in which men experience God as a reality absolutely independent of themselves, a Being over against them whom they meet in the freedom of faith and love. This direct encounter is for Buber the essential core of the religious experience. It is a colloquy, not a soliloquy. To try to incorporate the divine completely in the self is, in his view, to reduce God to an It. And, before long, God, having ceased to be a living presence to whom a man can talk, will seem to be as dead as Nietzsche declared Him to be.

Much of this book treats of the part which modern philosophy has played in the development of this situation: Not that Buber is hostile to philosophy. He only argues that the duality of subject and object which sustains it, and still more science, tends to undermine the duality of I and Thou, which finds its fulfilment in the religious relationship, the "living before the face of Being", as the earth lives, not by some conception of the sun, but by baring her breast to it. Buber sees the habit of subjectivised reflection as ingrained in the contemporary crisis and he concentrates his criticism upon the existentialism of Heidegger and Sartre, and the "psychologism", if one may call it so, of Jung.

Buber is himself an existentialist in his insistence upon a "lived concreteness" as the real meeting-place between the human and the

divine and in his repudiation of any floating of the spirit above it. He has no difficulty in refuting Sartre's view of life's meaning as existing "for oneself", encapsulated in one's own subjectivity. But his criticism of Heidegger's far profounder thought is too summary, and although his attack upon Jung for overstepping his proper province as a psychologist and reducing God to a psychic phenomenon is trenchant and timely, he is more concerned to accuse himself of Gnosticism than to do justice to his efforts to heal the feud between the positive and negative forces in the human soul. In his conception of the I-Thou and the I-It relations Buber has discovered a true key to the nature of reality. There is the less need to force locks with it as he tends at times to do in this rather difficult book. Yet he writes not only to expose "the lord of the hour", the insulated "I" that shuts off the light of heaven, but with faith in a tomorrow when the sun may cease to be eclipsed.

The Romantic Poets

By Graham Hough. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.

This is a judicious book. Its object (apart from being a university manual) is to claim that, though "it is in the nature of the romantic imagination that its achievements should be incomplete", the Romantics do "hold out a living hand to us". It is right and necessary that this claim should not go by default, even if it has never been seriously contested except in certain high places in Cloudeuckooland. Mr. Hough's exemplars are Gray, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats: his method consists mainly in examining leading poems by each. Gray is treated as a melancholiac, out of sympathy with his age and surroundings and finding in "the noble commonplaces of the "Elegy"" the solution of his personal problem.

Wordsworth and Coleridge are taken together. Under Gray, Byron, Shelley, and Keats Mr. Hough starts with poems chronologically earliest. Under Wordsworth he starts with "The Prelude" because of its biographical content. This may be misleading in a manual, and, in any case, the Wordsworth section contains a number of wrong dates (1804 as the year, after which there was "little intercourse between" Wordsworth and Coleridge, is the most serious). Moreover, Wordsworth is queerly described as a Collector (instead of Distributor) of Stamps: a philatelist? It is possible that this section, though containing much of real interest, is based on less close original work than those which follow.

The Byron section admirably summarises, illustrates, and evaluates his life and work, and shows how he should be read. In "The Vision of Judgment" "Byron's slapdash manner, by its very carelessness, conveys contempt; and a certain tough good humour implies that his victims are not even worth losing one's temper about". That is one of many things which are well put. Shelley is treated as "the solitary intellectual. His ideas come from his own mental processes, from study, from visions of the future or dreams of the past, not from the world around him". Mr. Hough dwells justly on his intellectual activity and attainments and also on his liability to produce mediocre as well as magnificent lyrics, and concludes with a reasoned appreciation of the *Defence of Poetry*. Shelley was set, Keats "is always changing and developing". Shelley's landscape is interior, Keats exhibits "a very minute and delicate sensuous observation". Mr. Hough deals well with the perennial problem of Keats' problems. His conclusion of the whole matter is this:

Wordsworth had exercised his power almost entirely on the bond between man and nature; and his strong grasp of the actual made him in many ways more akin to the eighteenth century

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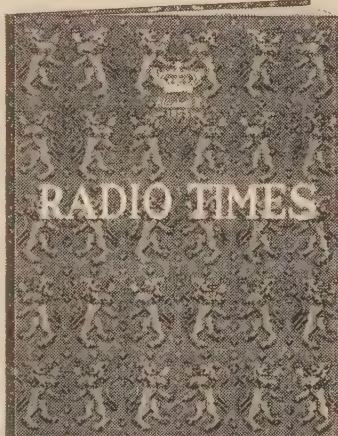
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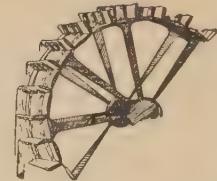
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HART-DAVIS

than to the coming age. For the most part it was left to the second generation of Romantic poets to work out a relation between the actual and an imaginative ideal. Shelley leaves the dichotomy between the two almost unresolved. Byron frankly gives up the struggle and achieves his greatest successes on a lower level of insight altogether. It is to Keats if anyone that we must look for a solution of the Romantic conflict, and his solution is incomplete.

That is to put 'ideas' first. Yet can we in judging the value of poetry ignore (in Keats above all!) aesthetic considerations? Mr. Hough is in no way blind to them as many of his pages show, but in, say, Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind' is it enough to emphasise structure and power? Have these value except as ministering to the poem's beauty? Was it not a new beauty which the Romantics brought and would not let go? If that is so, did the second generation ever beat 'Tintern Abbey' or 'The Ancient Mariner'? Is it right to emphasise 'the Romantic conflict' at the expense of the Romantic achievement? After all it must be the achievement which has got hold of Mr. Hough, and it is the achievement which holds out a living hand to us.

Town Design. By Frederick Gibberd. Architectural Press. £3. 13s. 6d.

Many will exclaim, 'Another book on town-planning!' True, but then Frederick Gibberd is careful to explain that 'town design' is something more than town-planning, as indeed it is. There has, as he says, been a spate of books on town-planning and several, from time to time, on 'civic design'—whatever that may be. If town-planning implies, as it does to many minds, the laying down on paper of a two-dimensional pattern, whether formal or informal, to show the whereabouts of roads, houses, and open spaces, then it has probably been a dangerous art and done more harm than good.

This book makes it clear that town design is a three-dimensional affair, concerned with architecture, planting, and so on. One can almost say, indeed, that a building, however good its architecture, has failed architecturally if it does not play a proper part in the sum total of this 'urban scene'. This may be elementary, but the false emphasis that has been put on the word 'planning' has been misleading; the most well-ordered paper pattern is wrecked by a building of the wrong height or the wrong colour, by the wrong kind of trees or even the wrong kind of paving stones. The essence of town design is, perhaps, summed up by Mr. Gibberd when he writes: 'If we plant a tree in front of a building and lay some paving stones between them, we have something more than their sum total. A plus B plus C does not equal ABC; it equals X, a new element, a new scene'. The great town builders of the past knew this quite instinctively; for us, unfortunately, it needs saying.

This book gives us a fine collection of facts and details about towns, new and old, and is very lavishly illustrated. There are complete analyses of new plans for old cities such as Guildford, Exeter, or Coventry; for entirely new towns such as Harlow and Crawley, as well as details of the masterpieces such as Venice or Bath. These are real analyses; the author does not give us just a few familiar photographs . . . he gives us 'plans marked with a number of "viewpoints"' corresponding to either photographs or drawings so that we really do seem to walk around the towns with him, as he explains their good and bad points. One could wish his analyses of some of the new towns was a little more critical: their plans, in the narrow sense, are so often good, the result so often too open and sprawling. Have not our planners made a god of 'density': there are other quali-

ties, as history shows, that more than compensate for compactness.

Nevertheless, this book is the best of its kind. While everyone concerned with the making of cities should possess it, it should also be read not only by those who are interested in the subject, but also by those who—infected by catch phrases—have tended to turn the 'planner' into a bogey-man. Mr. Gibberd makes clear the fundamental problems of town design; he also explains how—amidst the difficulties and frustrations of our age—he and his colleagues are solving those problems.

An Introduction to Eighteenth-Century Drama: 1700-1780. By F. S. Boas. Oxford. 25s.

For the average theatre-goer of today eighteenth-century drama means Goldsmith, Sheridan, and 'The Beggar's Opera'. And in truth, as the present survey by Dr. Boas shows, the century produced very little else that would stand up to revival in the modern theatre. The tragedy is characterised by unreal and exaggerated sentiments and inflated expression, the comedy by a tearful sentimentality which for comic purposes is a very poor substitute for the licentiousness and gay heartlessness of the Restoration from which it marks a revulsion; and in both there is an insistent moralising strain for which perhaps Jeremy Collier's attack on the profaneness and immorality of the stage was largely responsible, and which a modern audience would find ludicrous or boring. 'I thought it would be an honest ambition to attempt a comedy which might be no improper entertainment in a Christian commonwealth', Steele wrote of 'The Lying Lover', and he was surprised that it was 'damned for its piety' by audiences brought up on Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Congreve. But in fact the sentimental and sententious tone initiated in this play was to dominate the comic stage for more than half a century. 'She Stoops to Conquer', 'The Rivals', and 'The School for Scandal' represent the first full-scale and successful revolt against this sort of thing, and they won and have kept a secure hold on the affection of the public by reason of their sparkling dialogue, their superbly contrived comic situations and their entirely unsentimental gaiety. Such other plays of the period as have from time to time enjoyed successful revivals—the perennially fresh 'Beggar's Opera', for instance, 'The Beaux' Stratagem', Fielding's 'Tom Thumb the Great', or Colman and Garrick's 'Clandestine Marriage'—have similarly been successful, not because they are typical of their century, but chiefly because they are amusing burlesques of contemporary techniques, or because they hark back to the comic conventions of the Restoration. A handful of other plays might for the same reasons revive tolerably well, but it is difficult to think of any 'straight' plays that would now provide more than a period interest.

This is not to say that the eighteenth century did not produce plenty of plays which have considerable historical interest, and many of which read much better than they are likely to act. Dr. Boas finds some twenty-five dramatists worthy of consideration. He follows here the same method as in previous works he has applied to Tudor and Stuart drama. He introduces each playwright with a few biographical facts, and then summarises his principal plays, drawing attention here are there to innovations in technique or skill in the development of plot or character; and in this way he provides a kind of running commentary on the main dramatic currents of the age. But Dr. Boas is a scholar and playgoer of ripe experience, and it is difficult not to feel some disappointment that he has done no more than this. He could perhaps have been less discursive in his summaries, and given

more room to criticism of the plays and discussion of the technique of their authors. Fielding is one example of a dramatist who gets less than his due from Dr. Boas' treatment; with more commentary he could have been put into clearer focus. It might be felt that the 'improvements' of Shakespeare on which the age so greatly prided itself were so numerous as to demand some discussion; and it does not seem unreasonable to wish that the theatres and their audiences and leading players had been given a chapter or two to themselves. However, Dr. Boas has at least provided a clear conspectus of the changing dramatic tastes of the century, and in doing that he has given us something of real interest and value.

Divine Horsemen: The Living Gods of Haiti. By Maya Deren. Thames and Hudson. 25s.

Voudoun, the beliefs and practices of the Negro peasants of Haiti, is one of the most remarkable syncretist religions known to the anthropologist or student of religion. Its basis is an amalgam of West African practices, with the cults later found in the kingdom of Dahomey predominating, brought in by the original slaves. On to this may have been grafted some practices of the West Indian Caribs, themselves a mixture of Caribbean tribes, and Free Masonry, and certainly part of the iconography and concepts of Roman Catholicism; and the practisers of Voudoun are also Roman Catholics. There is no centralisation, but local hierarchies of chiefly hereditary priests; the cult is celebrated by prayers, singing and dancing to drums, elaborate and specific sacrifices of animals, food, and other goods, and, most importantly, by trance possession during which the divinities, the *loa*, manifest themselves through stylised behaviour on the part of their entranced and amnesic devotees, who are said to be the 'horses' whom the Gods 'ride'.

These practices have been studied and described soberly by a number of anthropologists and sensational by William Seabrook in his *Magic Island*. Miss Deren adds another dimension to the literature by describing the cult as a believer, or at any rate accepter of the mythology as an aspect of Cosmic Truth, who has herself been 'ridden' several times when participating in the rituals, though she has had no priestly training. Miss Deren had made three non-commercial artistic films; and it was with the intention of making a fourth on dances and rituals that she originally visited Haiti. She found however that for her these dances and rituals had more than aesthetic significance, and, from a spectator, she became a participant.

Scientifically her book is not completely satisfactory, for one can never be sure when a formulation is Haitian, and when the author's; what she has experienced or witnessed herself, what been told, and what felt here in aesthetic communion. There is furthermore a deep ambiguity about 'belief' and 'truth'; for most occidentals 'thinking oneself' into a role is of a different nature from religious belief, and it is never entirely clear which Miss Deren is doing. There is a good deal of quasi-theosophical language and a most liberal use of such adjectives as cosmic and eternal. The book is one of a series entitled 'Myth and Man' edited by Joseph Campbell who provides a foreword in which he speaks of 'an illiterate people [who] preserve in their traditions an arcanum lost to popular Christianity'; and it is this knowingness which is slightly distasteful. The book is agreeably and vividly written and well illustrated; it can be recommended to those interested in strange rites and practices, provided they keep in suspense both their scientific and religious beliefs. It may not be true, in either of the senses implied, but it is well described.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

A New Test for Politicians

PREPARE FOR A glut of surface charm: some Party Political Broadcasts are to be given on television. Whatever possibilities of enlightenment, or of visual and verbal entertainment, it holds out to us viewers, the prospect is full of risks for the politicians. Do they realise that television has knocked for six that old notion, distorted from a remark in a Victorian play, that the camera cannot lie? I have had the disconcerting experience of recognising prominent television personalities, met for the first time, only by their voices. Why the aberration should affect some faces and not all is one of the electronic mysteries: it may also be remarkable in that it does not more frequently occur.

If I were a party mandarin I should ponder my television chances with the utmost care. Before my mind's eye would be the fate of some of those who have submitted themselves to the test of 'In the News', the politicians' television proving-ground. There, only one or two reputations have been made in terms of public esteem; several have been unmade. The way to get rid of a party rival may now be clearer to his enemies. The instrument which 'In the News' has more than once been near to converting into a Punch and Judy show, sometimes complete with crocodile, can just as surely function as a refrigerator. This is a grave business, which, indeed, may make victims of us all. A new democratic force is mounting rapidly in strength, one which may give world significance to a wink and endow a minatory forefinger with conclusive power.

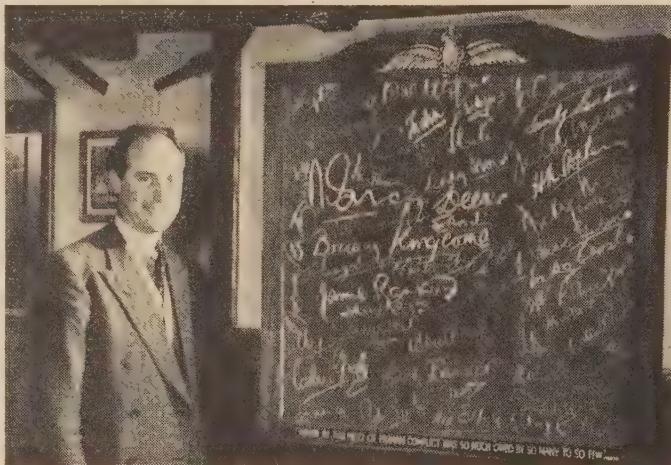
The post-Budget dissertations by the Chan-

cellor and his predecessor registered effectively in spite of producers' trimmings, which one understands are to be still more lush in the political transmissions to come. Both showed up as men of fairness and good will; and perhaps, after all, it is in the domain of character rather than of sheer personality that television will demonstrate its capacity to make or mar reputations. For his role of impartial interviewer

That thought was encouraged by the sight of democracy in action at Sheffield, discussing the Budget in 'Public Enquiry'. Clutching the microphone as if it were a blunderbuss about to be discharged in our faces, more than one speaker showed us all over again that at public self-expression the ordinary chap is an incipient bore, though it is fair to say that the time allowance on these occasions rarely gives him a chance to prove otherwise. The programme seemed to be precariously poised, owing, I thought, to the slowness of the chairman, John Nicholson, in getting it going. 'Public Enquiry' never fails to reveal us as a low-blood-pressure people; hence, maybe, our great age as a nation.

Using a verbal *tic* of a famous editor, 'touching on and appertaining to' that point, the implication of 'This is Our Heritage', the subtitle of the new series, 'Britain in the Skies', is surely that somewhere the note of grandeur should be sounded. It was not heard through the factual complexities of the first instalment, which demonstrated Robert Barr's unusually sharp visualising flair and his inability to dominate an imposing theme. The high point of 'Britain in the Skies', part one, was the talk by the aircraft designer, George Edwards, remembered by many viewers for his successful appearance in 'Press

Conference' some weeks back. His thinking apparently equates better aircraft with greater size. Economics discourage that argument, which the future may entirely invalidate. The programme drew on most of the resources which give television its superiority as a medium of communication and expression—outside broadcasting facilities, personal interviews, film, graphs, combined but not blended. The subject



'Britain in the Skies': Neville Duke in a studio reconstruction of the 'pub' at Brasted, Kent, used by Biggin Hill pilots during the war

William Clark wore an appropriately judicial look, darkened into severity by contrast with Hugh Gaitskell's baby-kissing smile. The moral of these two presentations may be that there is no guarantee that because politicians are being looked at they are also being listened to. The unity of word and picture can be broken by too positive a platform style, too much manner. Television may be the death of the demagogue.



The Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, with William Clark who interviewed him on April 16



The Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell with William Clark, during his television broadcast on April 17

inspires the touch of achievement. It received only ingenuities and manipulations.

What the technicians call 'O.B.'—for 'outside broadcasting'—is television's great excuse for existing and certainly one of its chief aids to licence sales. The department responsible for it functioned almost too well during the scenes and ceremonies at the Royal yacht naming on Clydebank. We were taken so close to the Queen's presence as to be able to hear what she was saying informally. Do we, the intrusive listening mass, represent an added burden on the central figure in these public pageants?

Keeping to the note of majesty, television muffed it badly on St. George's Day. I can believe that the programme planners were influenced by the possibility of the Churchill relay on the Home Service draining off much viewing attention. I protest against the poverty of the idea that Sebastian Shaw reciting Shakespeare, however well, served the day. It did not.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Love's Labour

'WHAT A LOT OF LOVE!' says the doctor in 'The Seagull', a line altered in a current stage version to 'What an amount of love!' One might say this—yet again—about the week's plays, though some of us think less of the romance in Pinero's 'Trelawny of the Wells' (Home) than of the dramatist's own love affair with the history of the stage: the delight in his profession that caused him to re-create Tom Robertson in Tom Wrench, and to summon the atmosphere of Sadler's Wells in the 'sixties. (Did hearing deceive me on Sunday, or did 'since Mr. Phillips' management' become 'since Mr. Phelps'?) The trouble with 'Trelawny' is that some of its most endearing passages are not essential to the play. Mollie Greenhalgh, in an otherwise faithful adaptation, had to deny to us Gadd's fury with the Demon of Discontent; and I was sorry to lose the little scene for the Telfers in the Pantheon, where James Telfer describes his part as 'so line-y', and Mrs. Telfer muses darkly on new fashions to be.

Acting, in Archie Campbell's production, appeared to me to blend the good and the less good. Patricia Field could deal with Rose; the charm of Richard Hurndall's Tom came through; and Gabrielle Blunt enjoyed herself with Avonia, though one has to say (ungallantly) that here few actresses could fail. A pity that we could not see 'Vonia's entry to 'Sir Gower' in pantomime dress: it was one of the only two moments when we missed the visual effect. The other was when the Vice-Chancellor, remembering that 'splendid gypsy', tries on Kean's sword and Order. Kyriastion Reeves, lacking the thundercloud quality, was better in Sir William's milder moments. Some of the others, theatrical and non-theatrical, were pallid; but Patricia Hilliard caught the period manner as Imogen, and Viola Compton, in Mrs. Telfer's few lines, seemed likely to say 'Milluk?' at any second.

There is a different quality of love in the 'Hippolytus' of Euripides (Third). I had to wish, unrepentantly, that the expert production and performances had been given to another version. Mr. Veilacott's plain text is always dignified, and I am aware that he does not rush into the 'Wottest thou?' of Gilbert Murray's unguarded passages. Still, I found myself continually substituting phrases, Murray's 'striding from the chase' for 'after his exertions in the hunting-field'; and 'Touch not my garments' edge' for 'Keep your hands off my clothes'. It is all what Sam Weller called a matter of 'taste and fancy'. I doubt whether opinion would vary much about the first-rate performances (under Raymond Raikes), with John Gabriel as Hippolytus, a personage and not a

Greek-play stencil; Gladys Young for the bluntness of the Nurse; and Joan Hart's Artemis in high declamation at the last.

Many leagues separate Trozen from Clemence Dane's London and Shottrey (I must write later of 'Will Shakespeare'), and from Walter Greenwood's Salford. There we have had the simmering hot-pot of 'The Cure for Love' (Home). Amiable stuff, amiably acted; and with Brian Wilde's smoky, good-humoured tones as Sergeant Jack Hardacre who has to adjust his love affairs when back to the Irwell from the Eighth Army. Maugham's minor play, 'The Land of Promise' (Home), that excursion to Manitoba via Tunbridge Wells, will stay with me for Isabel Dean's transition from drawing-room to shack. Although the 'taming' scene has its effect still, the play does not wear.

'What an amount of love!' No doubt we can look for this later in the eighteenth-century patterns of 'The Passionate Elopement' (Home), a Compton Mackenzie serial, with the benefit of Fay Compton's beautiful narration, that has begun happily among the 'exquisite mob' of Curtain Wells (under Beau Ripple) on St. Valentine's Day. What can we say of the 'exquisite mob' in 'Come to Char-lee!' (Light)? All straws to the hair; Michael Bentine looks forward to the Coronation (of Charles II); Charlie Chester purrs; and we recognise the logic of the exchange: 'Nothing unusual: all cats play with mice'—'What—at shove ha'penny?' Love, did you say? I didn't notice it.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Birthday Honours

WHEN A SINGLE WEEK contains the birthdays of William Shakespeare and Walter de la Mare something, evidently, has to be done about it and the B.B.C. rose to the occasion with a selection of the Sonnets made by Patric Dickinson and two appreciations of Walter de la Mare and his poetry by V. Sackville-West and C. V. Wedgwood. Nor was that all. We were given also on two evenings a recording of Robert Frost reading three of his own poems.

The selection of the Sonnets was nicely judged both in the choice of poems and the length of the reading. Only listeners to whom the Sonnets are familiar could appreciate more than twenty minutes of this concentrated poetry. Stephen Murray was the reader and he read with a scrupulous regard for form, sense, and sound. It was only when he came to the sonnet 'Then hate me when thou wilt' that he introduced a note which, in my opinion, was out of key—too histrionic for lyric poetry and too fierce for the mood which, though bitter, is gentle. But this was not enough to spoil a very fine performance.

Last Saturday was Walter de la Mare's eightieth birthday and in honour of the occasion V. Sackville-West and C. V. Wedgwood spoke of him and his work on the two previous evenings. Miss Sackville-West, in her appreciation on the Third Programme on Thursday, disclaimed any wish to attempt a critical estimate of his work. What she tried to do, and did admirably, was to convey an impression of the poet himself derived from reading him and talking to him. She remarked that as a poet he had never belonged to any group, never followed any fashion. He remained, in his poetry and in his person, always himself, and she reminded us that, although he has written many beautiful poems on childhood and dreams, his poetry has also a grim and terrifying side. His quest of the ultimate real leads him into dark and sinister places. It was a lifelike and very sensitive portrait.

On the following evening Miss Wedgwood broadcast her birthday tribute on the Home

Service, illustrated by readings of some of the poems, in which she spoke of the special value of Mr. de la Mare's poetry in these disturbed times. It was a finely expressed tribute. The poems were read by Julia Lang and Denis McCarthy with an unerring feeling for their moods and rhythms and an absence of superimposed emotion which left each poem free to express itself. This, in fact, was perfect poetry-reading.

It is no easy matter to ferret out the peculiar quality in the poetry of Robert Frost which achieves by means of deliberately commonplace language and statements a by-product, or, rather, a bonus, which we feel to be unexpectedly satisfying and significant. Not that this is his only quality as a poet. He has, besides, a sharp eye for nature in all its manifestations and a genius for putting the right word in the unaccustomed but revealingly right place. His reading of three of his poems—'The Witch of Coos', 'Directive', and 'On Looking Up by Chance at the Constellations'—was delightful to listen to. One had the conviction, by no means a common one, that the poet was his own best reader.

The series 'Is There Anything in It?' bids fair to grow up into a more serious form of entertainment. In the programme on 'Dowsing' a fortnight ago we heard, by way of a change, a dowser who, I thought, put up a much better show than his geological opponent, and last week we had a serious, interesting, but, of course, inconclusive discussion, on 'Telepathy' between three speakers, two in favour and one against. Without being able to offer any justification for my scepticism, I have long regarded the Theory of Probability with grave suspicion, and so I was delighted to hear my doubts voiced with more authority in the course of this discussion by one of the debaters.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Modern Romantics

TO HEAR ARTHUR BENJAMIN'S 'Tale of Two Cities' at home after attending the studio performance was to bring a blurred, uncertain image into sharp focus. I have no reason to withdraw anything I wrote about the opera last week. It seems to me a highly effective piece of stagecraft which made its points even without the visual scene. Benjamin makes no pretensions to having composed a great music-drama with a profound moral or philosophic theme; he calls it a 'romantic melodrama', and as such it should be judged. It has all the elements of a popular success: pathos in the scene where Dr. Manette, still crazed by his long imprisonment, is restored to sanity by Lucie's tenderness; a taking love-duet; and a grand dramatic soprano role for the implacable Mme. Defarge. Only Sydney Carton is insufficiently characterised. He has, indeed, a self-revealing monologue, like Iago's 'Credo', and his final speech, almost as familiar as 'To be or not to be', is set with telling simplicity. But apart from one outburst of ill-temper, we never see the cad in action, only the self-sacrificing friend. We have to take his caddishness on trust from Miss Pross.

This apart, the opera was convincing and really exciting. I am the more pleased to record this view, as I was never able to finish Dickens' book, even as a boy, and I have a squeamish distaste for the public execution of even the most reprehensible aristocrats. Yet despite these prejudices I enjoyed the work and admired the consummate skill of its construction and orchestration. If head-lapping is to be done, it could not be done with greater musical efficiency—though I still wonder whether an audience will really stomach so much gruesomeness. My appreciation owed much to the excellent per-



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formances of Marjorie Westbury (Mme. Defarge) who made up with dramatic intensity for a certain lack of sheer power and accuracy on her high notes, Heddle Nash's touching Manette, April Cantelo and Alexander Young as the lovers, and Frederick Sharp who nearly supplied what was lacking in the role of Carton by his incisive singing. I am also indebted to Messrs. Boosey and Hawkes for the loan of a copy of the vocal score, which enabled me to visualise the action and hear every word.

After a poor start a fortnight earlier, the series of concerts by British orchestras 'not based on London'—why not call them 'provincial' or is that considered derogatory?—got

well under way last week when the Yorkshire Symphony Orchestra gave a concert at Leeds under Maurice Miles. Two works by local composers—George Dyson's rumbustiously noisy 'Tabard Inn' Overture, and Delius' poetic 'In a Summer Garden', with Beethoven's C major Piano Concerto played by Denis Matthews and Rubbra's Fourth Symphony, made a first-rate programme with plenty of contrast.

Rubbra's Fourth Symphony is not as completely successful as the Fifth, but it contains some noble and beautiful music. Its construction owes something to Sibelius, but its idiom is personal and characteristically English with its long, gracious themes over firm basses. It is odd

that a musician of so much sensibility should nevertheless lapse, as he does in the finale of this symphony, and at the end of the Viola Concerto we heard last week, into a kind of knock-about noisiness which is strangely at variance with his general mood.

A new Pianoforte Sonata by Arthur Bliss received its first performance at the Friday recital in the Home Service at the hands of Noel Mewton-Wood. This, too, is nobly romantic music written with a fine sense of broad gesture, but with a lapse—or was the lapse the otherwise excellent pianist's?—into mere noisy swagger near the end of the finale.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Kodály's Chamber Music

By COLIN MASON

Kodály's Cello Sonata will be broadcast at 6.45 p.m. on May 4, the Second Quartet at 6.0 p.m. on May 7, the Sonata for Cello and Pianoforte at 10.50 p.m. on May 9, and the Duo for Violin and Cello at 11.0 p.m. on May 10 (all Third)

KODÁLY is the kind of composer dreamt of by commentators who like to be able to divide works up into neat periods. Unlike most composers, whose work has a disconcerting and inconvenient continuity of development, he did abruptly and unmistakably change course in mid-career. Until he was forty all his extended compositions were chamber music, the rest of his output consisting mostly of songs, piano pieces, and a few choruses. But from 1921, except for the transcription of three chorale preludes by Bach for cello and piano in 1924, he never wrote another note of chamber music, and began instead to write more often for orchestra, and to devote himself above all to choral composition.

This development was in a sense a repetition of the pattern of his career as a student. He began by learning the violin, on which he quickly became proficient. Then, wanting to play quartets, he learned the cello, which became his favourite instrument. It was through these two instruments that he had his basic musical education and came to know the classics (he has said that one of his most instructive lessons in composition was the comparison of the cello part from a Haydn quartet with one that he had written for it when it had been mislaid). It was not until he went to Budapest to study at the age of eighteen that he first heard a full orchestra.

The relationship between the works of his two periods is not easy to define. The earlier works are in no sense a preparation for the later. There is nothing to suggest that Kodály was confining himself to chamber music until he felt ready to handle the orchestra in symphonic works, for with chamber music he also abandoned sonata forms. Nor is there any trace of technical immaturity in the early works, and after Sonata for cello and piano Op. 4 there is virtually no significant development of style. Indeed, complete assurance of technique and style at every period is one of the most striking features of all Kodály's music. Even in his first collection of Hungarian folksong arrangements, published jointly with Bartók in 1906, his harmonisations are perfect. This was the first important step towards the formation of his mature style. The second was his discovery of Debussian harmony, with which he became familiar at about the same time. By applying this harmony to melody derived from Hungarian folksong, he quickly created his own strongly personal style. Hints of it are already present in the Introduction to the String Quartet No. 1, Op. 2 (1908-9), and in the Sonata for cello and piano, written in the following year, it appears almost fully developed. It underwent little essential change or extension

later, and only in certain pages of the Te Deum does Kodály venture into any other harmonic world.

In these first two works the general character and pattern of all his chamber music are defined. The Quartet is nearest to a traditional four-movement design, and the material is rather academically worked upon. But the slow movement already points to the rhapsodic, fantasialike declamatory slow movements that were to come, and the fourth movement anticipates the general style of his finales, generally rondo movements of a folk-dance character. The Sonata consists only of two such movements, the second reverting at the end to the material of the first. These two types recur constantly. Juxtaposed as in the Sonata, they form the tradition pattern of the 'Hungarian Rhapsody', used by Liszt and derived from the practice of peasant and gipsy bands. Its influence is felt again in the formal conception of the String Quartet No. 2, Op. 10 (1916-18), which is also in two movements. Here the second, a fast dance movement with an extended slow introduction, contains both parts of the 'rhapsody', and is preceded by a concise lyrical movement in sonata form, one of the most perfectly shaped and, although economical, richest in content and most beautiful of all Kodály's movements.

These have become the most popular of his chamber works, partly because opportunities of performing the others—the Duo for violin and cello, Op. 7 (1914), the Sonata for unaccompanied cello, Op. 8 (1915), and the Serenade for two violins and viola, Op. 12 (1919-20)—are inevitably rarer. They are in certain respects—in their choice of instrumental combinations, to begin with—more adventurous. They show, too, even more than the others, the imagination and skill of Kodály's writing for strings. In the unaccompanied Sonata particularly, his knowledge of the cello has led to a work that is technically unique, employing the device, among others, of *scordatura*, the two lower strings being tuned down a semitone throughout. It is the most formal and perhaps the greatest of all the chamber works. The first movement is not dissimilar in character to that of the second String Quartet, the slow movement is another, and unsurpassed, example of the rhapsodic, highly ornamental melodic style, and the finale is in the characteristic folk-dance style, with extensive thematic cadenza-like episodes.

The general style of all these works is attractive, popular, and simple. All complexity of harmony, texture, or form is avoided. The harmonies are sophisticated, but Kodály applies his mastery to using them simply. The problem

of form was more difficult, and in some of the finales the attempt to avoid 'development' has led to a certain repetitiveness, which is perhaps their one weakness, and may suggest that Kodály's true gifts were not for sonata forms, and that he abandoned them for this reason. But the real reason lay deeper, and makes clear the relationship between these works and those that followed. The simplicity of form was deliberately sought. In a long article on the Hungarian character in music, written in 1937, Kodály refers to the Hungarian's preference for simplicity and directness, and says that the Hungarian 'would rather cut than untie the Gordian knot'. Here he was trying to create a national style that would appeal to the taste of the Hungarian general public, attractive and simple without being debased or superficial. When he stopped writing chamber music it was because he saw that with it he was not reaching and would never reach that public, however simple he made it. In the article already referred to he writes again: 'The typical form of our musical life is still drinking wine to the accompaniment of a gipsy band. For the masses of our middle class, music is not yet the kind of spiritual nourishment that cannot be taken together with physical nourishment. As in the National Theatre, where there are no tables, and in the third act one has to remember the first'. He was the model of a realist composer in the Soviet sense, who recognised that art without a public is rootless and valueless. His first concern was the creation of a national musical culture, and he knew that to bring this about he would have to go further to meet his public.

It was not personal success that he wanted, nor his personal preferences as a musician that mattered most to him. His abandonment of chamber music was certainly against his own inclinations. The complete success, in the sense in which he unselfishly desired it, with which he was rewarded in his second period, might compensate any man, but in spite of it all his sacrifice was not entirely painless. Elsewhere in the article already quoted he writes: 'If there is national taste in musical timbres (and there surely is), the Hungarian does not care for the brass band and the loud noise. Otherwise he would not have persisted so faithfully and so long with the tone colours and quantities of chamber music. It is perhaps not a coincidence that so much chamber music has been written here, even though just now it seems as if it were not wanted. (*Sonate, que me veux-tu?*)'. There is a nostalgic note here from which we may know that Kodály did not give it up from personal choice.

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For the Housewife

Planning Brighter Menus

By LOUISE DAVIES

IT is a problem to plan, day after day, different well-balanced menus. Especially if, as I do, you have to provide two main meals every day for your husband and yourself on a weekly meat ration of 1s. 9d. a book. That is where some knowledge of elementary nutrition is a help. Get to know which foods are more or less interchangeable in nourishment. For instance, if you have not enough meat, then some of the best foods to turn to are fish and eggs, cheese, poultry, rabbit, bacon, offal.

For the actual menus, I am a great believer in lists. Write down your menus: that is by far the best way to see that there is variety, that you have all the ingredients, and that any leftovers are used up and not wasted. If you shop for 'non-perishables' about once a week it will be a help to write out a weekly menu, though of course you do not have to stick to it rigidly: for instance, you may see liver in the shops and, if you like that, switch your plan.

Now for the choice of individual dishes. I do not think it is advisable to collect multitudes of recipes. I certainly have a collection, but it is a select one. You may say 'That is going to make my menus completely dull from the start. I do not want to repeat the same things, how-

ever good, over and over again'. I quite agree. And the best way to get variety, in my opinion, is to keep a sharp look out in the shops for seasonal foods. You are not only sure to find something different to add to your collection, but you will also be getting, by buying in season, the best value for your money. Incidentally, this need not make a lot of work. Some of the most successful dishes take only about ten minutes to prepare. If you are entertaining, with no help in the house, I would certainly advise you to plan a simple menu, with dishes that can be prepared in advance.

How often do you think of colour when you are planning the menu? It is amazing how many really good cooks can serve a three-course meal in the same tones of brown and fawn and white. It would be so easy to add a cut up tomato, some green parsley or watercress, carrots, or even just a sprinkle of red paprika. My advice is: add colour to each plate. Never serve anything that looks drab. And if you can put in a bright-coloured sweet after a pale-coloured main course, so much the better.

Aim for variety, too, in texture and flavour. Deliberately choose a crisp salad if the rest of the meal is soft. Try your hand at making a

sharp sauce with a sweet pudding. And have variety in temperature. It is best not to have everything hot or everything cold—and never have anything lukewarm!—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT (*page 703*): a banker connected with business and finance in Egypt
LOUIS QUIEVREUX (*page 705*): on the editorial staff of *La Lanterne* (Brussels independent daily newspaper)

PIERRE EMMANUEL (*page 706*): French poet and broadcaster; author of *Universal Singular* (autobiography) and *Babel* (a long poem)

HON. V. SACKVILLE-WEST, C.H., D.Litt (*page 711*): author of *The Easter Party*, *The Garden*, *Selected Poems*, *All Passion Spent*, etc.

MAX LOCK, F.R.I.B.A., M.T.P.I. (*page 714*): consultant architect to Bedford Corporation; director and author of *Surveys and Plans for Middlesbrough*, the Hartlepools, Portsmouth District and Bedford

HELEN RAPP (*page 725*): lecturer in Russian, Oxford University

Crossword No. 1,200.

Plonk-Plunk.

By Stephanus

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

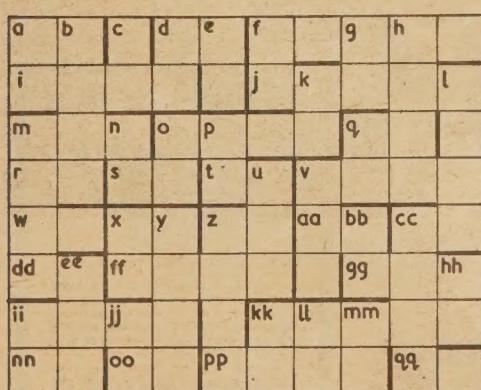
Closing date: First post on Thursday, May 7

Clues—Across.

- a = Plink of Eric (ξ)
- d = Plink of Freddie (Υ)
- f = Plonk of Pamela
- i = Plonk of Nicholas
- j = Plonk of Olive
- m-6 = Plink of Bert (β)
- o = Plonk of Elsie
- q = Plink of Dorothy (ι)
- r + i = Plink of Peter (δ)
- s = Plink of Lily (η)
- t = Plink of Archie (β)
- v = Plonk of Charlotte
- w = Plink of Charles (β)
- x = Plink of Helen (β)
- z = Plink of Giles (μ)
- = Plink of Quentin (β)
- aa = Plink of Alice (γ)
- cc = Plink of Mark (α)
- dd = Plink of Barbara (α)
- ff = Plonk of Ian
- gg = Plonk of Quentin
- ii = Plonk of Leonard
- kk = Plonk of Karl
- nn = Plonk of Rhoda (ω)
- oo = Plink of Querula (λ)
- pp = Plonk of John
- qq = Plonk of Gertrude (ζ)

Down

- a = Plink of Harry (λ)
- b = Plonk of Freda
- c = Plink of Charlotte (π)
- d = Plink of Elsie (η)
- e = Plink of Sue (β)
- f × 9 = Plink of Daniel (ρ)
- g-33 = Plink of Robert (ζ)
- h = Plonk of Dorothy
- k = Plonk of Oswald (ε)
- l = Plonk of Bert
- m = Plonk of Stephen
- n = Plink of Nicholas (γ)
- p-2 = Plink of Leonard (λ)
- q + i = 3 × Plink of John (η)
- u = Plink of Archie



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

v = 6 × Plink of Mildred (ς)

x + 1 = Plink of Pamela (ε)

y = Plonk of Harry

z = Plonk of Gertrude

bb - 25 = Plink of Jill (τ)

cc = Plonk of Mark

ee = Plonk of Rhoda

hh = Plink of Karl (α)

ii = 100 - Plink of Olive (γ)

jj = Plink of Ian (τ)

kk = Plink of Isabel (μ)

ll = Plink of Kitty (θ)

mm = Plink of Neaera (ξ)

Solution of No. 1,198

O	R	A	L	E	B	E	S	O	T
R	O	R	A	L	A	M	O	V	E
A	M	I	S	S	R	I	L	E	D
L	E	A	S	E	S	T	O	N	E
H	A	R	E	S	A	M	P	L	E
E	L	I	D	E	M	E	L	O	N
R	U	M	E	N	I	R	A	T	E
E	M	E	N	D	R	E	N	E	W

List of Answers (Diagram words in Capitals)

(401-445) ORAL, Rail, ARIA, Sari, BARS, Bass, Seal, ELSE, Sole, SOLO, Tool, LOTE, Title, EMIT, Tide, TEDE, Reed, Ride, RIME, Lime, ALUM, Paul, PLAN, Nap, Rape, Pier, HIREE, Head, EDEN, Even, EVEN, Nose, SEND, Wend, ENEW, Weem, MERE, Ream, AMIR, Mora, ROME, Orle, ORAL, (501-543) ORALE, OLER, RILED, TIDE, IRATE, Aries, HARES, Leash, LEASE, Eise, ELIDE, Ideas, As de, Midas, AMISS, Samos, Sloam, Roma, RORAL, Solar, Roles, Bores, BESOT, Tomcs, Moyes, AMOVE, Womer, Morne, RUMEN, Nurse, Seron, STONE, Tenor, Treen, RENEW, Ernew, EMEND, Demson, Melon, Leman, AMPLE, Pearl, ORALE.

NOTES

(406) (408) (410) (430) (432) (436) (440) (508) two meanings.
 (402) Lar, (404) Iras, (416) deer, (422) meal, (426) pean.
 (434) Enos, (445) pastorat, (501) 1 or a leg, (504) tried, tired, (506) serai, (510) in Alice, (518) morai, (522) sober, (524) motes, (533) trone, (534) terne, (538) rode monk, (540) fugeman.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: W. H. Weightman (London, W. 14); 2nd prize: H. W. Pugh (Leominster); 3rd prize: T. W. Midmer (Hastings).

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